SAHRAAVUKY POSH
(DESERT FLOWERS)



DINA NATH WALLI
"Almast Kashmiri"

SAHRAAVUKY POSH
(DESERT FLOWERS)

DINANATH WALLI

Almast Kashmiri

Presented with my best wishes to our family friends Rainas

D N Walli

2-10-79



METROPOLITAN BOOK CO. PVT. LTD.

1, NETAJI SUBHASH MARG NEW DELHI-110002.

First Edition 1978

242-B, Model Town, Karnal-132001.

Published by :
B. V. Gupta, Managing Director,
Metropolitan Book Co. Pvt. Ltd.
1, Netaji Subhash Marg,
New Delhi-110002

Printed by :
Agra Printing Works,
at Gopal Printing Press,
Vishwash Nagar, Shahdara, Delhi-110032

PREFACE

Kashmir has ever been a source of inspiration to the poets and painters alike. I have tried to capture her beauty in my landscapes and verses. By their veryn ature my landscapes deal with Kashmir's external features and mv reward has been the warmest appreciation and encouragement that I have received from my patrons from all parts of the world.

This enchanting land of Kashmir is a favourite recipient of nature's bounty. Despite that, or perhaps because of that, man's avarice has been responsible for robbing the simple Kashmiris of the fruit of their labours so that the natural beauty of the land is marred by the poverty of its inhabitants. This sad state of affairs continued for centuries and quite a few poets sang of it. And yet the thousands of tourists from other parts of the country and from foreign lands, who come here year after year for holidaying, sight-seeing and enjoyment, can hardly perceive this poverty.

Both the beauty and poverty of my homeland have inspired my muse and after using my brush to capture the former I used my pen to present the contrasting pictures of both. Through these verses I seek to convey to the world the heartbeats and yearnings of my compatriots from this part of my beloved mother land. My eyes cannot observe beauty without painting it for the discerning ones, and my heart cannot feel any injustice without conveying it to other feeling hearts.

> The eye, it cannot choose but see,
> We cannot bid the ear be still;
> Our hearts must feel wherever they be,
> Against or with our will.

Exploitation of man by man is a well known fact of history the world over. India is no exception; nor is so my beloved Kashmir. In fact we have suffered more than most parts of the

world. It is, however, gratifying that the State and the Union Governments are making all-out efforts to banish the darkness of poverty and injustice. With the fruition of the current national socio-economic programme, Kashmir hopes to imbibe her beauty both internally and externally.

My numerous friends in India and abroad have always wanted to share my feelings. They purchase my landscapes and these are not bound by the barriers of language. My verses in Kashmiri they have wanted translated. Hence this volume. The poems have been translated by Shri R.N. Dhar and I am highly thankful to him. He has shown sympathy, understanding and rectitude in this onerous task which he completed to my full satisfaction.

I am deeply indebted to Professor S. N. Kaul, Head of the Department of English, Dyal Singh College, Karnal, who not only went through the translation but also put life into it through his masterly finishing touches, and at many places redoing it. I do not know how I can thank him for his valuable help.

Dina Nath Walli,
Almast Kashmiri.

THE AUTHOR

Having lived most of my life outside Kashmir I remained cut off from its multifaceted beauty. About Shri D. N. Walli I had heard of as a landscape painter of great repute and had also had the pleasing experience of seeing some of his canvasses. Among modern Kashmiri poets I had heard of only a few, Mehjoor being the greatest of all. But a few years ago I had the good fortune of meeting Shri D. N. Walli in person, and a better luck of cultivating an intimate acquaintance with him. It was then that I learnt quite a lot about his landscapes and verses. The former I admired and the latter I not only admired but also enjoyed.

Shri D. N. Walli was born in Srinagar (Kashmir) in 1908. When he was just two years old he lost his father and his relatives brought him up. This was a period of extreme poverty for him and he had to discontinue his studies after Higher Secondary level. But in early teens he showed a distinct aptitude for art and poetry and joined A. S. Technical Institute, Srinagar, where he completed a three-year course in just two years. Almost simultaneously he started writing poetry in Urdu and Kashmiri under the pen name 'Almast'—The Ecstatic one. His early verse was, understandably, only experimental in nature. However, his poetry could give him no livelihood and he had to take up a job. His Art teacher, Shri S. L. Khoru, got him one in the Madan Theatres at Calcutta. This could not satisfy his artistic urges and, after three years, he took to free-lance painting in Calcutta and Srinagar—his spiritual home, apart from being his native place. For his creative paintings he was awarded a Gold Medal in Kashmir in 1939 and a highly commended medal in Calcutta in 1940.

In Calcutta Shri Walli came in contact with late Percy Brown, a renowned authority on the art of the Indian sub-continent, who helped him considerably in the advancement of his career. He was instrumental in Shri Walli's first one-man exhibition of

paintings in Srinagar and warmly praised the canvasses exhibited. Shri Walli held his second such exhibition in Bombay at the Jehangir Art Gallery. Getting a lot of encouragement from the press and public praise, he held another exhibition, the same year, at Delhi in the All India Fine Arts and Crafts Gallery. Again the public and press response was highly encouraging. In 1956 he gave yet one more show in the Artistry House, Calcutta, and in 1964 in Delhi. An album of his Kashmir water colour paintings was published in 1970.

All this while Shri Walli's muse was not mute. His first collection of poems in Kashmiri, entitled 'Baala Yapaari'—This side of the mountain—was published in 1955. It was received very well in literary circles. Most of his poems he wrote between 1948 and 1960. This was a period of lull in Shri Walli's career as a painter. Pakistan's invasion of Kashmir and the consequent fall in the number of tourists visiting the valley, afforded the artist some respite and rekindled the poetic zeal in him. A selection from his outpourings of this period is now being published as 'Sahraavuky Posh'—desert flowers.

I am personally indebted to Almast Kashmiri for affording me a chance to rediscover some gems of modern Kashmiri poetry. Apart from conventional Gazals the volume includes some fine pieces of socio-economic content clothed in highly imaginative verse.

S. N. Kaul

FOREWORD

Walli Almast[1] is among the few talented men of his generation in Kashmir who are not only artists but also poets. What distinguishes him, however, from many artists and poets is courage and sincerity, that is, the courage to be true to one's own self. He would rather go his own way in painting or poetry than go along with the current of fashion or popular vogue. He has had the courage not to be one of those who, without the inner urge or compulsion, aptitude or training, for the new-fashioned in art, take to it for pelf or popularity. He does not paint abstract pictures; he does not write obscure poems. For this he has suffered, and he has not had his due from us. It is time that we evaluated his art and his poetry on their own merit, unprejudiced by any isms and elogies.

Shri Walli paints from nature, but not merely just that and nothing more. The scenes and landscapes, Akbar's Bridge at Rainawari or Houseboat in Moonlight, for instance, though identifiable and for that very reason enriched by our personal association with them, have, almost always, a certain impalpable quality or a strange glow about them which enlivens them, and you wish to look at them again and again.

Shri Walli's collection of poems entitled *Sahraavuky Posh* (Desert Flowers) has been a delightful surprise for me. For one thing, his diction is remarkably chaste, and poetry is made of words whatever else it is made of. Remarkably, because our young men, largely town-bred, have lost touch with the country-side and, what is worse, they have been fed only on languages other than their mother tongue.

(1) bo tsey kun vúch vúchiy toshan
tavay chhaa bȧaly roshȧanee
myė dȯpmay husn chhunȧ poshan
tavay chha bäaly roshȧanee

(Ghazal No. 14)

[1]Dina Nath Walli *Almast.*

(2) chhus bo tolaan nazrav süty yim naaz
chhus vuraan baatan manz pata tim raaz
rozee saathaah khwor moornaav vyėsiye

(Ghazal No. 7)

(3) vati vati chhas baal vuchhaan
kani phalinüy phaal vuchaan
loosim myė ächhy laal vuchaan
jaanaana beparvaaye

(Ghazal No. 17)

(4) yeti zangaräady chhiy pananiy nam tsam gaalaan
zyevaräady chhikh pata kariniy pyeṭhä daalaan
zyev gilvith phyetsanaavääniye

(Van Räany)

His *vatsans* have the tonal quality and music, quick movement and dancing rhythm, and the mellifluence characteristic of Kashmiri *vatsan*. His ghazals are, no doubt, traditional in theme and style (and for this he need not be apologetic), yet now and again we come across verses which sparkle, and enliven them.

(1) naavi myaane aavalanisüy monz chhu
vwony naachuk saroor
äasytan vwony door yaa nazdeekh
säahil äasytan *(Ghazal No. 4)*

(2) aaftaaban taapä narivüy naalamati
rätmäts zameen
zolnas bo rashkä naaran maaramati
tsä ti yizihe
neerthüy butäraats ändray ṭoory
kasvaany vuchni draay
boznaavaan sozi dil kȯstoory
kastaam vuchhni aay
aaräh kastaam kun chhi laaran
maaramati tsä ti yizihe

(Maaramati...)

(3) bonay dil däarithüy rozakh nazrihändy
kaan köt gatshahan
tsänay yim yor kun sozakh mye yim
armaan köt gatshahan
yivaan krechhan vatan pyeṭh lutf chhuy
almastä süy valaah
mye heeh devaanä nay aaśan tä yim väaraana
köt gatshahan

(Ghazal No. 2)

(4) the ghazal beginning
lolä häty armaan myaanee
chaani kaläpyeṭhy aalvith

(Ghazal No. 1)

(5) mye gomut chaani baapat hol
vwolo vwony lol aam chonuy
mye käḍy taarakh ganzrithüy dam
öbranuy tim ti vwony khäṭynam
vuchiv asmäany yi ti maa tsol

(Ghazal No. 28)

What are Walli Almast's themes? None that are recondite (again, he need not be apologetic). His thems are the good old familiar matters of to-day and to-morrow, our natural sorrow, love or pain. And he is keenly sensitive to human suffering and human stupidity, to the widow's lament and the misery of "the Flesh on Sale", to the exploitation of the peasant and the worker, to the wretchedness of the lowliest and lost; and he would re-make the world after his desire, as in the poem *Nehru's Dream.* He speaks of the *Goohy Khar*[1] *and Khary Haanzany*[2] and the village belle—

Swandri aki achivy kinyath kya chov dil *(Dil)*

(What is it that the eyes of the lovely maiden have offered my heart to drink?)

---

[1]The Cow-Dung Collecting Maid and the [2]Boatwoman Collecting Rushes.

He accosts the cloud and the lightning and sits sorrowing under the Moonlit Balcony waiting for his Love; he sings with gusto the songs of freedom on the Independence Day; he is entranced with the marvellous beauty of nature in the land of his birth; and he speaks of love and love's *lol* (longing) with a passionate yearning and of beauty which makes the world go round. For instance :

(1) *patshůy kati aayi almastas*
mye kun yeli robare vuchhy tamy
mye kåatsaah tsumhi hyetså paanas
dopum yi ti gòtsh na khaab aasun

(*Ghazal No. 22*)

(2) *dil dith agar mye path kun*
laariyi ghazal khåanee
akh chåany meharbåanee
akh chåany meharbåanee

(3) *beeṭhy buzdil janda våly våliye*
sher dilnůy tså vath haavaan
våaty manzilas traṭavůy taliye
vuzamaliye måy khaṭh paan

(*Vuzåmalå*)

(4) *dairu harmůchy phark kyaah ani*
phark parvaanas andar
shama dazuvun aasi kåabas yaa ki
butkhaanas andar
jantå nishi kam os kyaah almasta
nata dunyaah son
rozi yòd yinsåaniyath moojood
yinsaanas andar

(*Ghazal No. 12*)

or, this last couplet of the poem, *On Jawaharlal.*

yi baalav manza kasheere draamutuy
yuth akh javåahir laal
yemyuk gaah aalamas pyeṭh az
thadyov beyihan Himaluk baal

These illustrations should be enough to substantiate the claim I make for Shri Walli's poems. To quote him:—

ganeemath daam kenh athi aay Almast
chhikas nata jaam rozaan säary Saaqi

(Ghazal No. 10)

I have great pleasure in introducing *Sahraavuky Posh* to the discerning reading public.

(Professor) J. L. Kaul

A guide to the Roman Alphabet used in this book for transliteration of Kashmiri words.

Letter	Pronounced as the sound italicised in the English word	As used in the Kashmiri word	Meaning of the word in English
a	l*u*ck	akh	one
aa	f*a*ther	raat	night
ȧ	p*e*rtain	achh	eye
aȧ	b*i*rd, m*u*rder	aȧs	mouth
au	c*ow*	au	yes
e	m*a*le	jel	jail
ee	s*ee*	teel	oil
ė	m*e*t (approx)	trė	three
i	s*i*t	pin	pin
o	g*o*	mol	father
oo	t*oo*l	room	husband
ȯ	*o*asis (short sound)	ȯn	blind
wo	g*o*t (approx)	swon	gold
u	f*u*ll	kun	alone
u̇	scr*i*pt	tur	rag
uu̇	long *u* sound	tuur	cold
ü	vowel sound beginning as *u* and ending as u̇	gür	mare
ch	*ch*ain	chon	your
chh	same as the Hindi consonant छ	pachh	fortnight
d	*th*is	dod	pain
ḍ	ḍ*o*	ḍoon	walnut
ṅ	hu*n*t	tsooṅṭh	apple
ṭ	ẹn*t*re, *t*abḷeau (Fr.)	trẹ	ṭhreẹ

th	*th*ing	tham	pillar
ṭ	*t*ill	noṭ	pot
ṭh	same as the Hindi consonant ठ	vyȯṭh	fat
ts	*ts*ar (Russian)	tsam	skin
tsh	aspirate of *ts*	tshȯt	short
'a'	short indeterminate sound at the end of a syllable of word	gara	home
'—y'	Combining with a consonant preceding it, as in मुन्य, सत्य, ग्रन्थ	kuly	trees

Consonants b, f, g, h, j, k, kh, l, m, n, p, ph, r, s, sh, v, y, and z have the same sound as they normally have in English.

From "An Anthology of Modern Kashmiri Verse" by Trilokinath Raina, 1972, Sangam Press Ltd., 17 Kothrud, Poona-29.

I dedicate this book to those poor artists and craftsmen of Kashmir who, with their sweat and blood, lend colour and light to the world, but are themselves deprived of these.

Dina Nath Walli
(Almast) Kashmiri

GHAZAL No. 1

Lolà hàty armaan myàanee chaani kalà peṭhy aalavith
Tee agar marzee chhi chàanee chaani kalà peṭhy aalavith
Mäany chäanee lantaräanee chaani kalá peṭhy aalavith
Tee agar marzee chhi chäanee chaani kalá peṭhy aalavith

Posh chhi kati butaràats pyeṭh tim yim kathan chaanyan haraan
Chaani khäatara kaamadeev maa sworgakis baagas pharaan
Navbahaarúch gul fishäanee chaani kalá peṭhy aalvith
Tee agar marzee chhi chäanee chaani kalá peṭhy aalavith

Chäany husnan chownas bo dowotshi dwotshe aabe hayaat
Chäany lolan bakhshunam me motake gamá nishi najaat
Aalvith dunyaayi fāanee chaani kalá peṭhy aalvith
Tee agar marzee chhi chäanee chaani kalá peṭhy aalvith

Lọokh dyaaran pyeṭh natsaan bo lolá taaran pyeṭh natsaan
Lukh sitaaran pyeṭh tá bo chaanyan ishaaran pyeṭh natsaan
Tshun mye dore aasmäanee chaani kalá pethy aalvith
Tee agar marzee chhi chäanee chaani kalá peṭhy aalvith

Bakhshumut me yeth jahaazas chhukh kutub baavuk yi dil
Rooz ath tsey kun sätsan ḍòl maa me beyi kuni kun ti dil
Sadrasay tarnich nishäanee chaani kala peṭhy aalvith
Tee agar marzee chhi chäanee channi kalá peṭhy aalvith.

Kaalá òbras manz chhi vuzamalá prazlitháy yuth dum tulaan
Kaala dilsúy manz mye zwon chonuy talaatum tyuth tulaan
Ḍoṭh hish ashächee raväanee chaani kalá peṭhy aalvith
Tee agar marzee chhi chäanee chaani kalá peṭhy aalvith.

GHAZAL No. 1

Let my love-laden yearnings be sacrificed on thee,
If that be thy wish, my love;
I accept thy lantaranee*
If that be thy wish, my love.

Where on earth are such flowers as fall from
thy lips when thou talk?
Is it that Cupid steals them for thy sake
from the garden of Eden?
Let the showers of fresh spring-blossoms be sacrificed on thee,
If that be thy wish, my love.

Thy beauty has offered me the drink immortal
handfuls whereof I drank to my fill;
Thy love has liberated me from the fear of death.
Let this mortal world be sacrificed on thee,
If that be thy wish, my love.

People dance to the tune of wealth,
I dance to the dulcet notes of love;
It is the stars that make them dance,
I dance to the tune of thy whims and winks;
Let the revolution of the stars be sacrificed on thee,
If that be thy wish, my love.

I have been bestowed with a heart to serve
as compass to the ship of my being,
Its magnet has remained fixed to thee alone,
no other course has it ever followed.
Let this passport to cross the ocean of time
be sacrificed on thee,
If that be thy wish, my love.

Your very thought creates a tumult in my gloomy heart,
Like a flash of lightning playing havoc with black clouds;
Let the flow of hail-like tears be sacrificed on thee,
If that be thy wish, my love.

---

*"You cannot see me" see glossary.

Yaavunaa yuth zan ta tas husne kamaalun nòn zahoor
Shwongmatyan vuznaavavun zan subhukuy phwolwun su noor
Subhakis ravá sáńz raváanee channi kalá pethy aalvith
Tee agar marzee chhi cháanee chaani kalá pethy aalvith.

Marhabaa khasavun yi yaavun marhabaa husn-o-jamaal
Gav ráhith Almast vuchhtuy tas musavirá suńd kamaal
Musvaree myáany gazlá kháanee chaani kalá pethy aalvith
Tee agar marzee chhi cháane channni kalá pethy aalvith

What a youth! as if the revelation of Beauty Supreme;
Like the Sun rousing the slumbering ones to wakefulness;
Let the beauty of the rising sun be sacrificed on thee,
If that be thy wish, my love.

All praise to thy flowering youth, bravo to thy
beauty enchanting;
Stunned and petrified was Almast at the excellence
of the Divine Artist;
Let all my art and all my poetry be sacrificed on thee,
If that be thy wish, my love.

August 1955

SAHRAAVUK POSH

Tse kȧarygarȧ kyenh ti no laaran
Tsȧ khyonakh darmiyaan daaran
Su pheraan paanȧ manz kaaran
Tsȧ khyonakh darmiyaan daaran

Su pheraan paanȧ darbaaran
Chavaan chaavaan manz yaaran
Tsȧ zolukh bwochhi handee naaran
Tsȧ khyonakh darmiyaan daaran

Tsȧ chhukh gaalaan panȧnuy paan
Banaavaan ȧashikuy saamaan
Tsė chhay paanas zachay laaran
Tsȧ khyonakh darmiyaan daaran

Khyavaan gafȧ bȧḍy bȧḍee paanas
Vuchhaan deenas nȧ eemaanas
Tse muji pethy mulyvenee taaran
Tsȧ khyonakh darmiyaan daaran

Baraan kȧhytaany tsȧ pananiy yeḍ
Pyavaan karney tse kȧatsaah tsėḍ
Gindaan rwopayan su ṭika taaren
Tsā khyonakh darmiyaan daaren

Panun chukh sornaavaan gaash
Tȧ duniyaahas anaan praagaash
Tsȧ vȯlnakh zulmȧ gaṭȧkaaran
Tsȧ khyoonakh darmiyaan daaran

Tse phuṭȧruth kȯṭh kambar pananuy
Kȯruth khȧalee tse sar pananuy
Dwodas kȧnḍy chhuy su patȧ tsaaran
Tsȧ khyonakh darmiyaan daaran

Hwonar chȧany duniyahas mashhoor
Ti kus zaanaan tsȧ chhukh majboor
Tsė wȯlmut naal shahmaaran
Tsȧ khynakh darmiyaan daaran

DESERT FLOWERS

Little is the gain you get, O Craftsman,
Exploited as you are by the middleman;
In costly cars himself he moves about,
But he continues to exploit you.

He roams about with friends and companions,
Holds sprees and carousals with them;
But consumed you are by the fires of hunger,
And exploited by the middleman.

To a skeleton you reduce yourself,
Making luxurious articles for others;
Rewarded you are with rags alone,
And exploited by the middleman.

Huge sums of money he appropriates,
Caring naught for integrity or faith;
Doled out to you is nothing but chaff,
Exploited by him you are.

With great effort you fill your belly;
Infinite is the patience you display;
Ducks and drakes he plays with money,
Appropriated by exploitation of you.

Slowly and slowly you lose your sight,
And illumine the world with exquisite work,
Caught are you in tyranny's murk;
And exploited by the middleman.

Your limbs are lacerated,
Your pate you emptied;
But, cavilling at your workmanship,
The middleman exploits you.

World famous though your skill may be,
That helpless you are is known to none;
Caught in the coils of python are you,
Exploited by the middleman.

Khyawaan chhukh khoonidil pananuy
Tagaan pȯz chhuy nȧ kyenh vananuy
Su khȧalee kathȧ kȧnaan dyaaran
Tsȧ khyonakh darmiyaan daaranan

Chhu zyevȧzeetḥyan huṅduy duniyah
Karaan zyev gilvithȧy ȧashaah
Tsė khaamooshi panȧny maaran
Tsȧ khyonakh darmiyaan daaran.

Your food is your own heart's blood;
Even truth lacks utterance from your lips;
But his mere words fetch him money
Who thrives on exploiting you.

Hypocrites and dissemblers alone thrive here,
They wield their tongues and enjoy themselves;
But your patient silence is your bane,
Because the middleman exploits you.

May 1970

GHAZA No. 2

Bonay dil däarithay rozakh nazari handy kaan kȯt gatshähan
Tsanay yim yoorkun sozak me yim armaan kȯt gatshähan

Bo azlay treshi hȯt dewaana chhus paymaanȧ chashman hund
Tseh hi moykhaanȧ nay aasan me hi mastaanȧ kȯt gatshähan

Mye hee dewaanȧ kyah karhäan me hee dewaanȧ kȯt gatshahan
Syezar yȯd aasihe ȧshkas ta yim zolaanȧ kȯt gatshähan

Tsȧnay ehsaan karhäakh ath nazri hanzi taari manz vürnuk
Pareshaan aasahan pemȧty dilȧky durdaanȧ kȯt gatshahan

Pakaan akh kaarvaanah bekhabar kati aav gatshih kȯt kun
Yiman nay husn karihe gaangle naadaan kȯt gatshahan

Vuchhikh husnuch zatsah yetnas dopukh manzil yohoy sonuy
Ye thakȧ pyenḍ toti chhakh nata yim gȧmaty häaraan
kȯt gatshahan

Yivaan krechhan vatan pyeṭh lutuf chuy Almastasüy vallah
Me hi dewaanȧ nay aasan tȧ yim väaraanȧ kȯt gatshahan.

GHAZAL No. 2

Where would the shafts of thy glances go
were I not ready with the target of my heart ?
What fate would await my yearnings
if thy glances were not directed on me ?

Destined am I to remain a thirsty lunatic
for the brimful cups of thy eyes;
Where would a tippler like me go
if taverns like thee were not there ?

What would the lunatics like me do, where would they go;
If love were an uncomplicated affair
where would these shackles of mine find a place ?

My heart would have broken, its pieces scattered,
If thou were not gracious enough
to keep it strung in thy glance.

Ignorant of its origin or its destiny, a caravan marches on ;
Were they not beguiled by beauty, where would these fools go ?

Wherever they saw a flash of beauty, they took it
to be their destination;
Had this resting place not been there, where would
these bewildered ones go ?

By God, Almast gets the greatest pleasure
over difficult and thorny paths;
If a lunatic like him existed not,
the desolate heaths would lie uninhabited.

June, 1963.

GOOHY KHĀR

Kraayi garmani manz chhambav chhaarav tȧ vuḍrav bȧaliye
Draayi swondermaal baalaa goohy ratsan dini zȧaliye
Haay yath chhwokȧ lad dilas vaaray mė vȧthy parkȧaliye
Draayi swoondarmaal baalaa goohy ratsan dini zȧaliye.

Phȯt kalas pyeṭh hyeth palav aarav mȧnziy laaraan tsalaan
Khambryevȧy pėṭhy naaravȗy mȧnzy rath khworan haaraan
tsalaan
Goohy ratsan pyeṭh yitshi zuvalmaale sitam kam tsȧaliye
Draayi swondarmaal baalaa goohy ratsan dini zȧaliye.

Darshanas yitshi husnache deevee pazee kȯtsh aasunuy
Hȧasilay yithi yaavunuk kyaah gooh tȧ bȯṭh gotshȧ aasunuy
Hȧasilay yithi yaavunȗchy kyaa shoobihe yi ḍȧaliye
Draayi swondarmaal baalaa goohy ratsan dini zȧaliye.

Mast yimȧ ȧchhy bȧry bȧree zan jantȧkuy mas pyaalnȗy
Shȧayiran beyi musaviran kyut bȯrmutuy kalavaalanȗy
Kyaah sȧa goohy lyeby tshaaṅḍnas lagȧhanȧ yemay mas pyȧaliye
Draayi swondarmaal baalaa goohy ratsan dini zȧaliye.

Baalanȧy pyeṭh gul phwolaan kam kam baray paanay gatshaan
Khwopryenȧy manz naazneenan kam chhi afsaanay gatshaan
Vaavah haale manz phwolaan saatha galaan hyath hȧaliye
Draayi swondarmaal baalaa goohy ratsan dini zȧaliye.

Taazȧdoulat yuthnȧ kaaṅh sharmaṅdȧ kari zaah chaṅdȧ chon
Akh kharaaja lavi yi tshȯr chandȧ chon tshyonmut jaṅdȧ chon
Baawofaa chhuy vandȧ ryetakaale tse naalo nȧaliye
Draayi swondarmaal baalaa goohy ratsan dini zȧaliye

Kȧṅḍy ratan kyaah paak daaman chon chhaa taakat timan
Sȯt gatshyekh lȯt pȧaṭhy yȯdvay meeṭhy dini yiyi kaaṅh khworan
Poshnȗy vuchhnȗchy tsė phursat meejmaa zaah kȧaliye
Draayi swondarmaal baalaa goohy ratsan dini zȧaliye.

A MAIDEN GATHERING COWDUNG

Through hills and dales, mounds and downs a lovely maiden goes
In scorching heat, in search of dung;
Ah! my lacerated heart was blown to pieces
To see the fair maid engaged in search of things like this.

Basket on head, she hurries over boulders,
through mountain rivulets,
Her feet bleeding, running over crags, stones jagged
and through ravines,
Oh that a winsome creature like her should suffer
Agonics and discomforts for a trifle like this.

To have a glimpse of such a goddess of beauty an
offering should have been made;
Should just dung and muck have been the profit of such a youth?
Should just this have been the gift of youth like that?
And yet she, a lovely maid, goes out in search of
things like these.

Her ecstatic eyes are like cups brimful with wine celestial,
Filled by Great Saqi himself for poets and painters.
Should such eyes be engaged in looking for dung only?
And yet, the lovely maiden goes out searching for things like these.

Many a flower bloom on mountains and wither away unseen ;
Many a lovely damsel suffer in dirty hovels!
In desolation they bloom a while, then fade with
unheeded yearnings
Such is the fate of the lovely dung gathering maid.

Beware a rich upstart attempting to corrupt you;
Your empty pockets and tattered clothes are treasures limitless;
Faithfull to you are these tattered clothes of yours
through shine and shower
O, you lovely one, out to gather dung.

Thorns dare not hold your chaste skirt;
Crushed shall they be if they attempt to kiss your feet;
Never had you the leisure to feast your eyes on flowers;
O, you attractive one, searching for dung.

Aalatshyen broṅhkun gatshaa vaatani rangaarang nematsäy
Kyaah jafaakash gätshy guzaarüny doh panäny käry käry sätsäy
Zuv tsaṭan vaalyan gatshüny gätshä zindagee vobäaliye
Draayi swondarmaäl ballaa goohy ratsan dini zäaliye.

Totachashman shäatiran gätshä shanoshaukat aasuniy
Kyaah syedis Almustusüy gätshä säa yi haalat aasuniy
Kus sanaa paymaanä thöv dunyaa banaavan väaliye
Draayi swondarmaal baalaa goohy ratsan dini zäaliye.

Should the indolent do-nothings have the best of the world,
And the industrious pass their days on mere pittance of hopes?
Should life be insufferable only to the diligent?
Indifferent to all this, the pretty dung gatherer goes
on searching for dung.

Should cunning manipulators live in luxury
And guileless Almast be reduced to state like this?
What, after all, are the standards laid by the Great creator?
Oh, lovely maiden, gathering dung.

March 1953

GHAZAL No. 3

Lolakuy aagaaz tay anjaam beyi az yaad aam
Zindagáaniye huṅd suboh tay shaam beyi az yaad aam.

Suy kharaame naaz raahe aam beyi az yaad aam
Yeth dilas yeli zan gayoov leelaam beyi az yaad aam

Läanki pyeṭh guzrov muty suy shaam beyi az yaad aam
Mast chyeshmav sūty chomut jaam beyi az yaad aam

Yaad áasúm pematsúy me yaará súṅzúy bazṃi naaz
Áthy andar pananuy dile naakaam beyi az yaad aam

Kyasanaa beyi maa karyem rusvaa me az betaab dil
Yaad aam beyi suy khayaale khaam beyi az yaad aam

Duṅyahuky zolaanā chhim zangnáy tá tasavursy andar
Shokh nazran hund tasund páagaam beyi az yaad aam.

Chham ganeemúts me dilach dubraay az zyaaday hanaa
Aah suy maahe tamaam bar baam beyi az yaad aam.

Az chhi Almastany yi tanhaa kooṭharúy rashke janat
Jalvá kamysuṅd taam zan ilhaam beyi az yaad aam.

GHAZAL No. 3

The beginning and end of love has come back to my mind today;
Thus came to be recollected the morning and evening of my life.

Her strutting on a thoroughfare, I again remember today;
I remember, that was when this heart of mine was
auctioned away.

The evening spent on the little island in Dal lake,
I again remember today;
The cups drunk by me from her bewitching eyes,
I again remember today.

The bliss of my beloved's company was still in my mind;
When the discomfiture of my own heart,
I again remembered today.

Am I again going to be betrayed by my restless heart?
My absurd thoughts, yes, my absurd thoughts,
I, again, remember today.

My limbs and my thoughts are fettered by the
iron chains of this world;
And the message of her wanton eyes, I again, remember today.

My heart is beating faster and louder today,
Standing on her roof top, I, again, remember that
full moon, today.

Lovelier than heaven is the lonely cell of Almast today;
Inspired as he is by the recollection of her glimpses.

January, 1969.

ZOONÁ DABI TAL

Lolá labi tal tas nigaaras praará kotaah kaal bo
Zooná ḍabi tal baalá yaaras praará kotaah kaal bo
Yeth yithis mátysáy bahaaras praará kotaah kaal bo
Zooná ḍabi tal baaláyaaras praará kotaah kaal bo

Aas aḍnyendre váthith dildará suṅd zwon pyom me
Draas bo pót zooni lót lót yaará suṅd zwon pyom me
Jabr karahaa kyáh amaaras praará kotaah kaal bo
Zooná ḍabi tal baaláyaaras praará kotaah kaal bo.

Vaavá gurynáy kyeth panány khwoshboo amis sozaan chhi posh
Vaadá móthmut chhus tavay khwoshboyi thovmut chhus ná hosh
Gób nyendar laázim bahaaras prrará kotaah kaal bo
Zooná ḍabi tal baaláyaaras praará kotaah kaal bo

Zooni honduy gaash daarev kiny vuchhith gulroyasáy
Meethy dini tsaamut chhu yithi vakhtay yithis tuṅd khooyasáy
Chhus bo yetnas intizaaras praará kotaah kaal bo
Zooná ḍabi tal baaláyaaras praará kotaah kaal bo

Chaavá bortuy vaav khelaan assi sumbuly moyesáy
Gyundmutuy ámy aasi lachhi tay saasi rambuly moyesáy
Dazavunay maṅz rashká naaras praará kotaah kaal bo
Zooná ḍabi tal baaláyaaras praará kotaah kaal bo

Poshanay maṅz shwongymátiy páanpar tá paná váthran aṅdar
Naazneene boznáavith saaz shwongmáty jaanvar
Vaav shwong pyeth sabzázaaras praará kotaah kaal bo
Zooná ḍabi tal baaláyaaras praará kotaah kaal bo

Kyaah karas aalav khabar chhaa aasi kath khwaabas andar
Aasá maa moojood bôti kuni shaayi tath khwaabas andar
Yuth na gatshi khalaláy nazaaras praará kotaah kaal bo
Zooná ḍabi tal baaláyaaras praará kotaah kaal bo.

UNDER THE MOON-LIT BALCONY

How long shall I await my love beside this dear wall?
How long shall I wait for my young love under this
moon-lit balcony?
During this full-bloomed spring,
How long shall I wait under this moon-lit balcony?

My deep slumber was broken as my beloved crossed my
thoughts,
And, stealthily, I left my abode, as the moon was setting.
How could I suppress my impulse, wait how long could I?
Now how long shall I wait under this moon-lit balcony?

Flowers send fragrance to her through their breezy steeds;
Forgotten has she her word, her senses benumbed by scent;
Deep slumber, indeed, is a must in the spring season;
But how long shall I wait for her under this moon-lit balcony?

Moon-beams peeping through the window at my flower
faced love,
Stole in, at such a crucial time, to kiss such a capricious one:
And I am left here, waiting for her, but how long?

The zealous wind must be playing with her hyacinth tresses;
Played it must have a thousand times with such bewitching
tresses,
And consumed by the fires of jealousy,
How long can I wait under this moon-lit balcony?

Butterflies lie asleep embedded in flowers;
Singing their lullaby to her, the birds lie asleep in leaves;
The wind lie asleep on the verdant grass;
And how long can I wait for her under this moon-lit balcony?

How can I call her? who knows she may be lost in dreams,
And may be I have a place somewhere in those dreams.
Lest this dreamy spell be broken, let me leave her undisturbed;
But how long shall I wait under this moon-lit balcony?

March 1956

GHAZAL No. 4

Aäsytan aabaad khwaaban hañz yi mahfil äasytan
Aäsytan beyi zindagiyi hañdy moḍ mushkil äasytan.

Naavi myaane aavalanisäy mañz chhu vwony naachuk saroor
Aäsytan vwony door yaa nazdeek säahil äasytan

Intihaaye shok akh käafee chhu saamaane safar
Husnasäy taany äshkasäy.sath sadar häayil äasytan.

Shokaṣäy myäanis chhu dam hyon mañzilas pyeṭh wäatithäy
Vaktasy vänytav tämis ami khotä ti täajil äasytan

Kaarvaanav gamäkyavay kär myäany tanhäayi khatam
Aäsytan beyi krooṭh ami khwotä zyooṭh manzil äasytan.

Dubrahaaray myaani dilächiy chham mye shoknk zerubam
Manzilas taany poshnuk ath fakhar häasil äasytan

Kaarvane shok sapduy kahkashaanas kun ravaan
Kyah karee asi äasytan dunyah tañgdil äasytan

Kyaah chha kath veglaav niy käny chhus bo azalay butparast
Gam mä bar Almastä ami khwotä yaar sañgdil äasytan

GHAZAL No. 4

Life's vicissitudes may be forbidding, I care not;
Only let my dream-land flourish and prosper.

Caught in the whirlpool, my boat experiences the exaltations of a dance;
Let the shores be near or far, now I care not.

Sufficient for the aspirant is only his intensity of urge,
Seven seas may stand between beauty and love, it matters not.

Let the time be in a still greater haste, tell it,
My zeal shall pause only when I reach my goal.

The caravan of my sorrows, have put an end to my solitude,
The goal may be far and the path beset with difficulties, I mind not.

My heart-beats are the rhythm and harmony of the music of my urge,
Let these have the glory to last till the goal is reached by me.

The caravan of my zealous urge has started towards the galaxies,
Let the world be narrow-minded, I care not.

Timeless worshipper of idols am I, smelting of stones is no problem for me;
Worry not Almast, let the beloved be stone-hearted.

October 1962.

MAAZ KUNŪN

Kharidaaro tse häazir myon chhuy maaz
Zamaanä gav me phuṭmut chhum diluk saaz
Su dil kati chhum prutshaan shhukh me yemyuk raaz
Zamaanä gav me phuṭmut chhum diluk saaz

Su chhum kamraazä pheraan baalany pyeṭh
Nayan manzbaag sangarmaalanay pyeṭh
Karaan kochav ta khwophrev pyeṭhy su parvaaz
Zamaanä gav me phuṭmut chhum diluk saaz

Tḥipis manz chhas dazaan dooryeraki naaray
Me chhanä vuchhmuts yi raawalpyenḍ ti vaaray
Me chhunä taaqat nyebar kaḍnuch ti aavaaz
Zamaanä gav me phuṭmut chhum diluk saaz

Byuhun yath zindä laashe rang mathith chhum
Tulun ahmak dilan manz chhum talaatum
Byuhun taakas me kärythuy swormätay saaz
Zamaanä gav me phuṭmut chhum diluk saaz

Yivaan bekäl karne ulphatuk sodaa
Meh nish kati päada gav mohbatuk sodaa
Parun chhum nyebär tsami me mohhabatuk vaaz
Zaamaanä gav me phuṭmut chhum diluk saaz

Thavun chhum paan bronhkani jaanävarnäy
Vanay zan vathymatyan daandan ta kharnäy
Bo yeti insaanä suṅd buth chhas vuchhan shaaz
Zamaanä gav me phuṭmut chhum diluk saaz

Meh chhanä kuni shaahphyur karnas ti väaree
Chwokan chhanä väary zaanh behnas ti kräaree
Pyewaan apziy karuny chhim näkhrä tay naaz
Zamaana gav me phuṭmut chhum diluk saaz

Mudavlad kharä sunduy kati aar khalkan
Mudav ladsuy tulun tas baar khalkan
Patay kharvol chhus mooryan tulaan maaz
Zamaanä gav me phuṭmut chhum diluk saaz

FLESH ON SALE

O my bidder, my flesh is ready for you,
The harp of my heart broke long long ago.
Where is that heart the secrets of which you want to know?
The harp of my heart broke long long ago.

My heart roams over ridges in Kamraz,
Wandering it is amidst meadows and on mountain tops,
It flies over lanes and hutments,
For its harp was broken long ago.

Lodged in this cage I am consumed by the fire of separation,
Even this city of Rawalpindi I have not seen well,
Courage I lack to voice my sorrows,
The harp of my heart broke long long ago.

Decorated with paint and rouge, eyes embellished with collyrium
I have to seat this living corpse on a window sill,
And thus arouse passion among foolish hearts.

To bargain for love come the foolish ones;
But where is that love which I could give them?
My discourses on the art of love are only skin deep,
For my music internal is dead long long ago.

To bestial beings my body I have to offer;
To wild bulls and asses I have to submit;
Rarely do I come across the face of a man here.

No time have I to heave a sigh,
No time to heal my wounds;
Mere artifices are my blandishments;
The music of my heart is dead.

No mercy have people for a saddle-galled ass,
In spite of galls it has to bear the load;
And then there are the pitiless lashes of the master;
Oh; The strings of my heart are snapped.

Vuchhith käashur vazyov az saaz yetskäaly
Vuchhith käashur nanyov az raaz yetskäaly
Vuchhith käashur me khot shaanav pyeṭhee maaz
Zamaanå gav me phuṭmut chhum diluk saaz

II

Chhas aamuts raatåmwoglan manz hyenay bo
Gamuts chhas poshavatnas nish tshenay bo
Gåmuty yim dåady andrim kas vanay bo
Gåmuts chhas poshå vatnas nish tshenay bo

Bo te aki poshå chamnuch ṭoor äasas
Bote aki khaanåvaduch khoor äasas
Gayas latshi kårså toofaanan tshenay bo
Gamuts chhas poshå vatnas nish tshenay bo.

Me chhum shar zaah bo vanahaa bouy käanse
Bo vuchhahaa bäaysund hyu rouy käanse
Tseh käashur bouy van kami zyevi vanay bo
Gamuts chhas poshå vatnas nish tshenay bo

Me beni vanånuy yi dunyaa lyekh chhu maanaan
Vuchhith kotaah me yim naapaak zaanaan
Yiwaan chhas sheen zan vyeglaavanay bo
Gamuts chhas poshå vatnas nish tshenay bo

Me osum phårvuny khasåvun yi yaavun
Me osum phårvuny asåvun yi yaavun
Chhas aamuts yaavnåni taavanå hyenay bo
Gamuts chhas poshå vatnas nish tshanay bo

Gatshaa yemi käada mańzå aazaad bo zah
Gatshaa kya präany päaṭhee shaad bo zah
Dapaan chhus kar vatan beyi deshanay bo
Gamuts chhas poshå vatnas nish tshanay bo

At the sight of a Kashmiri, the harp of my heart
began to play after a long time;
At the sight of a Kashmiri was disclosed the
secret of my heart after a long time;
Boundless was my joy when I saw a compatriot here.

II

Cut off from my flower-bedecked country,
I am trapped in the company of night-watchers;
To whom shall I relate the tale of my woes?
Far off from my beautiful home am I.

I too was a budding beauty of my garden;
I too was the daughter of a respectable home;
Sundered by storms, smitten by dust,
Separated was I from my beautiful home.

I yearn to call someone my brother,
But a face fraternal here is none ;
Since you have come as a customer to me,
How shall I call even you, a Kashmiri, my brother.

Sacrilege it is for the world to call me a sister,
They look at me as an impious creature,
And out of shame I melt like snow.

This flowering, smiling youth of mine
Had a baneful influence on my life;
My beauty brought my destruction,
Cut off from my land am I.

Shall I ever be freed from this prison?
Shall I again be happy as of yore?
I crave to see my home again,
Oh: cut off from my beautiful home am I.

September 1954

GHAZAL No. 5

Tani chhum hani hani lol teläanee
Mani kaaman chham chäaniye
Sani kus ändree kyaah me gudräanee
Mani kaaman chham chäaniye

Arshav hyör chhay chaäny raazdäanee
Dilake mulküch räaniye
Kyaah meti karhäak zah meharbäanee
Mani kaaman chaam chäaniye

Loli manz dil tath manz yaad chäanee
Khwoni khwoni chhus bo laläväaniye
Aänä zäanpaanas rwoni vazaväanee
Mani kaaman chham chäaniye

Dilnäy miltsaar gav paanäväanee
Door thävy azlay laäniye
Tsoor baase yi aalmas maay säani
Mani kaaman chham chäaniye

Pädy chäany vati vati parzänaaväanee
Chhus bo kotah tambaläaniye
Tambaläavith chhaa ambänaaväanee
Mani kaaman chham chäaniye

Deshahäath saathaa chhus bo kreshäanee
Ravä zan praväh traaväaniye
Dyeväh yiyihe meti näv zindägänee
Mani kaaman chham chäaniye

Ya khwodaa kärythäy tsaas aangäanee
Chhus nä beya kuni maazäaniye
Aki laṭi vanee bas bo chhasay chäanee
Mani kaaman chham chaäniye

Azlay baagi aamüts gazal khäanee
Almastas kal chäaniye
Tsäti chhakhay zaah meti yaad paaväanee
Mani kaaman chham chaäniye

GHAZAL No. 5

Every pore of my body exudes love for thee,
My innermost being craves for thee and thee alone;
Who will delve deep into me to know what happens there?
My innermost being craves for thee and thee alone.

Thou art the queen of hearts,
thy throne is above the heavens.
Could thee ever show kindness to me too?

The heart within me is occupied by thoughts of thee alone,
Which I fondle and cherish within my breast,
As if bells are playing in the crystalline palanquin.

Our hearts brought us together;
But our fate kept us apart.
And the world looked upon our love askance.

Recognising thy footprints on every path
How impatient do I become?
Should one be tantalized thus?

I yearn to look at thy sun-like radiance;
May be I am blessed with a fresh life;
My inner heart craves for thee and thee alone.

Like a mendicant I enter thy compound;
I ask nothing from thee except to know
That thou art mine and mine alone.
And that is all I crave for.

Poetic inspiration which fate offered to Almast
Is nothing but a longing for thee alone.
Do thee also ever remember me?
My innermost being craves for thee and thee alone.

December 1951

HADA RATH AYAAL YAARO

Hadȧ rat̤h ayaal yaaro hadȧ rat̤h ayaal yaaro
Yuth no sworaph tȧ gunsay valnay tse naal yaaro
Shury zyaadȧ paȧdȧ karniy chhuy bȯḍ zavaal yaaro
Yuth no sworaph tȧ gunsay valnay tse naal yaaro

Yuth no tsa raavaraavakh dilkuy sȯkoon pananuy
Yuth zan na khwoshk karnaavakh diluk khoon pananuy
Yuth zan na zindȧ rozun sapdee vwobaal yaaro
Yuth no sworaph tȧ gunsay valnay tse naal yaaro

Yȯd zan tse panani mardee huṅd bȯḍ kamaal hovuth
Shury zyaadȧ pȧadȧ kȧrythȧy kasbe kammaal hovuth
Shury zyaadȧ pȧadȧ karniy azkal chhi gaal yaaro
Yuth no sworaph tȧ gunsay valnay tse naal yaaro

Kuni saatȧ muflisiyi maṅz anȧnaavanay matsar shury
Tulnay sämith tuphar shury khyevȧnaavanay zahar shury
Naaras ma dozakhanisu̇y manz paan zaal yaaro
Yuth no sworaph tȧ gunsay valnay tse naal yaaro

Broṅh nerunuy yetshaan chhukh tyeli saaph thav panin vath
Yuth no tsȧ zindagiyihȧṅzi yeth dori maṅz gatshakh path
Yuth no zalȧr su̇ṅdy paȧt̤hy vaahrakh tsȧ zaal yaaro
Yuth no sworaph tȧ gunsay valnay tse naal yaaro

Insaan zyevaan damaadam butaraat chhay gatshaan kam
Yȯd saani gaphlatsȧy huṅd rozaan gav yi aalam
Aazȧady sȧany vȧnytav dari koot kaal yaaro
Yuth no sworaph tȧ guunsay valnay tse naal yaaro

Kȯt vwotli zaah su kuni kiny diyi peen peen ywosȧ mȧajy
Naadȧaniyev kineth ywosȧ zan lȧaṅy taavȧnas lȧajy
Tas vaktȧ broṅt̤h soraan husnojamaal yaaro
Yuth no sworaph tȧ gunsay valnay tse naal yaaro

FRIENDS: PLAN YOUR FAMILY

Friends, limit your family, limit it,
Lest you are caught in the coils of serpents;
Producing too many children spells your doom;
Limit your family lest you are caught in the coils of serpents.

Beware lest you lose the peace of your mind,
Lest you allow your heart's blood to dry up,
Lest your life becomes a burden intolerable,
Lest you are caught in the coils of serpents.

If by producing too many children
You displayed a feat of manliness and the apex of skill,
Remember it is a matter of shame these days.
Beware lest you are caught in the coils of serpents.

Sometime, in indigence, your children shall cause your madness
Collectively they shall pester you, make you take poison.
Burn not yourself in infernal fires like these,
Lest you are caught in the coils of serpents.

Advancement if you wish, keep unencumbered your path,
Lest in the race of life you are left behind.
Beware lest, spiderlike, you extend the web,
Beware lest you are caught in the coils of serpents.

Every second a child is born, but the earth is limited.
If this state of our carelessness continues,
Tell me how long shall our freedom last.
Beware lest we are caught in the coils of serpents.

What hope is there for that mother who bears child after child,
And by foolishnesss invites ill luck for herself?
Premature is the loss of her beauty and grace.
Beware, lest you are caught in the coils of serpents.

Akh shur syetḥaah chhu azkal suy gatshi karun mukamal
Yemi beeri beeri hunduy bas tee chhu poshavun hal
Rathi khaari naav chonuy kari suy kamaal yaaro
Yuth no sworaph tä gunsay valnay tse naal yaaro

Quite sufficient is a single child now, who
should be reared perfectly,
This alone is remedy effective for overcrowding,
Being paragon of perfection your child shall add
lustre to your name.
Beware, lest you are caught in the coils of serpents.

August 1976

GHAZAL No. 6

Saasav zyevav vanaan chhay akh myaány bezabäanee
Akh chäany mehrabäanee akh chäany mehrabäanee
Saasav kanav bo bozaan chhus chäany lantaräanee
Akh chäany mehrabäanee akh chäany mehrabäanee

Bazaari äshkasäy mañz yod katri zäary chhus bo
Darbaari husnusäay mañz keñh maa nedyäary chhus bo
Chaanyan vatan ächhav süty kär naa me durfishäanee
Akh chäany mehrabäanee akh chäany mehrabäanee

Vwony laagtam me daavas yaa kaḍtä myäany haavus
Nazran chhu chaaninüy taany myäani punim tä maavas
Duniyayi aashkiyi mañz husnüch chhi hukmuräanee
Akh chäany mehrabäanee akh chäany mehrabäanee

Yim tsäangy cheshamanüy hüñdy hyeth chhus tswopäary thsaaraan
Vati vati diwaan chhus väny vati vati chhusay bo praaraan
Praaray bo taa kayaamat pöz praari maa jawäanee
Akh chaäny mehrabaänee akh chäany mehrabäanee

Be aash nazravüy süty kärmai salaam doore
Pilnov tham tse chashman huñd mast jaam doore
Kumläavithüy tse vuṭh yeli kärtham me gulfishäanee
Akh chäany mehrabäanee akh chäany mehrabäanee

Gam chon chhum dilas mañz vaayaan zeertaay bam
Gam chon chhum me diläkis poshas pyevaan shabnam
Gam kyaazi krooṭh baasyam chham lolachee nishäanee
Akh chäany mehrabäanee akh chäany mehrabäanee

Butaräats pyeṭh yi myul az kahytaany gömut chhu yaaran
Kyaah paas az chhu pyomut asmaanakyan sitaaran
Ṭhahraav akh ratshaakar äy dori assmäanee
Ak chäany mehrabäanee akh chäany mehrabäanee

Gwoḍä baazaruch tsa haalat vuchh kartä patä shakaayat
Almastä shukur karahakh yiti zaanahakh ganeemat
Dil dith aggar me path kun laareye gazal khäanee
Akh chäany mehrabäanee akh chäany mehrabäanee.

GHAZAL No. 6

My silence speaks with the eloquence of a thousand tongues
That I crave for thy kindness, thy kindness alone,
With a thousand ears I listen to thy lantranee
But I crave for thy kindness and thy grace only.

Though a reckless gambler in the field of love I be
Yet not a penurious man am I in Beauty' court;
Did I not stud thy path with the pearls of my eyes?
I crave for thy grace, for thy kindness alone.

Thou may reject me or fulfil my desires;
Thy glances alone brighten or darken my nights.
Supreme is the authority of Beauty in the world of love.
I crave for thy grace and kindness alone.

Guided by the lamps of my eyes, I seek you on all side,
On every path I search for you, on every turn I wait for you;
Determined am I to wait till the judgement day,
but youth shall not wait.
I crave for your grance and kindness alone

I greeted thee from afar with eyes deprived of hope;
From afar thou handed me the cups of thy ecstatic eyes;
Then breaking into a smile, thou showered flowers on me;
That was thy grace and that was thy kindness.

Longing for thee produces sweet music in my heart,
My anxious love is the dew for the flower of my heart,
Why then should this anxiety, a symbol of love,
be insufferable for me?
I crave for thy grace and thy kindness.

What a chance on this earth that lovers are in union today!
What a favour the stars of heaven have bestowed!
Stop for a while, O the revolving heavens.

Almast, look around and see the plight of the world,
And then pour out your grievances if need be;
If you gave away your heart and got
The gift of poety in the bargain, be grateful.

April 1967

PANDITH JAWÄAHIR LAAL NAHROO

Lajee zan gängraaryee maṭhymuṭyan saannyan tarraanan az
Tsajee yetskäaly khaamaskee pyemutṣ saanyan dahaanan az
Vuchhee az shaan säanee präanyhish beya aasmaanan az
Varuk phyur kamysanaa saanyan yi praanyan daastaanan az
Bajar preymuk ta pazruk hov beya hindostaanan az
Hajar rusvaa gatshith mandachhaan vuchh navi sara jahaanan az
Yimotun rang kämy phyur jang kranknuy bahaanan az
Phrakhaa hyu trov jaṅgänish taṅg aamunty yem Jahaanan az
Lajee swosraay hish zan taaza dowlatanay zabaanan az
Vuchhith häaraan gäy azuhbäḍy onguji hyṭh maṅz dahaanan az

Satisaräche lyembe maṅzä phölmutuy rambavun ye yuth Pamposh
Munavar yem koruy duniyaah tä onunay raavimutinuy hosh

Thazar insaanasund vuchhtuy manduchh kyanh kahkashaanan az
Syezar insaanasund vuchhtuy manduch kyanh aasmaanan az
Yi amnuk raaz vön insaananuy kämy raazdaanan az
Naryan zan tshola hish peyu chila khaṭymuty vathy kamaanan az
Yi vati pyeṭh gaash kamy trov raavi mutnuy kaarvaanan az
Yi kamy phyur chonṭh beyi pathkun matemutynuy tufaanan az
Pazruke noora suty tsujy badgumaanee bad gumaanan az
Yi hyes kamy dyut zi chhuy insaan insaanan pachhaanan az

Yi baalav manzä Kasheere draamutuy yuth akh Jawäahir Laal
Yemyuk gaah aalmas pyeṭh az thadyov beyihan heemaaluk baal

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

(Recited on his birth day)

Today are resounding with zeal our long-forgotten songs;
Today is removed the silence which had fallen on our
lips since long.

Today the heavens witness our ancient glory once again;
Today who has turned the leaves of our ancient history again?
Today India has re-established the greatness of love and truth;
Today the world witnesses crookedness laid bare and
discomfitted.

Who has given the message of death to warmongers today?
A sigh of relief is heaved by the war-weary world.
Rich upstarts whisper their discomfiture today;
Surprised are they, with fingers between their teeth.

From the slush of Satisar has sprouted this peerless lotus,
Illuminating the world and the path of the lost ones.

Even the galaxies feel shy of man's stature,
Even heavens feel low before the innocence of man.
Who is this great seer who has revealed the secrets of
peace to man?
Arms ready to fire their shafts are paralysed and numb.
Turning back the fury of the menacing storms;
Who has lighted the path of the lost caravans today?
Light of truth has dispersed the clouds of mistrust and
suspicion.
Who has inspired Man to respect Man?

This one gem out of mountains of Kashmir
Has illuminated the world and raised the stature of Himalayas.

14th November 1956

PANDIT NEHRUSINDIS MARNAS PYETH

Insaan vadaan az zaar zaar ämysuṅd su gamkhaar kor gav
Säaree chhi gäamäty bekaraar amunk su awtaar kor gav

Aah son meere karvaan az chhuna su vwony asi darmiyaan
Tas rȯs chhu baasaan tshȯr jahaan lalawun chhu asi naar kor gav

Kirdaar kas bedaag yuth kas lol youth kas tyaag yuth
Beloos yuth belaag yuth tasveeri eesaar kor gav

Aazaad yemy mahkoom käry dilshaad yėmy mazloom käry
Yemy muntashir manznom käry komuk su memaar kor gav

Magrooronuy phuṭran gȯroor gaṭȧ saamraajich kärän door
Yemy zan tswapäary trov noor gaashok su meenaar kor gav

Motas ti zan az phuṭ kambar amysund zakar gav be asar
Mahboob sonuy gav amar motas kärith laar kor gav

Sworgas aṅdar roozith ti tas basaan chhum kyeṅh lagi na ras
Tas bharatas kun aasi hyes vatnuk parastaar kor gav

ON THE DEATH OF PANDIT NEHRU

Man is weeping in torrents today at the loss of his benefactor;
All are disconcerted that the prophet of peace is no more.

Ah! the leader of our caravan is not amongst us any more;
Without him the world looks drab and dreary,
leaving us to nurse our woes.

Peerless was the purity of his character, abundant
his love, matchless his renunciation;
Unattached to materialism, untainted in dealings,
the embodiment of sacrifice, is no more.

Where is gone the one who liberated the enslaved and
gladdened the oppressed,
Who organised the ranks of the scattered, and was the
architect of our nation?

Where has gone that beacon of light who illumined
the four corners of the world,
Dispelling the darkness of imperialism, treading
underfoot the insolence of the proud?

Death's back is broken today, its poison made inefficacious,
Defying death, our beloved has become immortal.

Even in heaven, I feel, he will not rest content;
His thoughts shall always be turned towards Bharat;
Where is gone this worshipper of the motherland?

May 1964.

PANDITH NEHROOJI YUN KHAAB MYANI KHAYAALA KINY

Nov rosh gòtsh mwoykhaananuy
Nov bosh gòtsh paimaananuy
Nov josh gòtsh mastaananuy
Nov hosh gòtsh pharzaananuy

Nävy gätshy khwodaa butkhaananuy
Nävy gätshy adaa jaanaananuy
Nävy gätshy vwofaa paimaananuy
Nävy gätshy shama parvaananuy

Yeti zan nä mahkoom aasahan
Yeti zan nä mazloom aasahan
Yeti zan nä mahroom aasahan
Tyuth dor gòtsh asmaananuy

Yeti phark aasi ni zanmä kiny
Assiyi agar kyeṅh karmä kiny
Yeti zan nu deenä tä dharmä kiny
Gazraavanay insaananay

Aahuk sabab yeti tshaaṅḍahan
Jaahuk sabab yeti tshaaṅḍahan
Gwonahuk sabab yeti tshaaṅḍahan
Lagihe kuluf zindaananuy

Yeti akh akis pahchaanahan
Kun ibni aadam zaanahan
Yee jaan paanas maanahan
Tee kaṅchahäan begaananuy

Aaraam yeti aasi haraam
Yeti käam aasi subah shaam
Eemaandäari aasi aam
Aasi na vath be eemaananuy

Yeti aasi amnuk dorudor
Aasi ahinsa yeti tsowpor
Pòz haavi hyeng yeli kaanh beshor
Tḥari paan din toophaanuy

PT. NEHRU'S DREAM OF OUR COUNTRY

(As I conceive it)

New values should prevail in taverns,
New intoxication in wine cups;
New enthusiasm should spur the tipsy ones,
New awakening guide the sober.

New gods should occupy the temples,
New blandishments dart from the beloveds;
New should be the redemption of pledges
New candles be provided to the moths.

Where there is no servility,
Where there is none oppressed,
Where none is deprived of his dues;
Such a state the heavens may bring about.

Where there are no differences of blood,
If there be any, these be based on deeds;
Where humans are not listed,
According to faiths and creeds.

Where reasons of human sorrows be found out,
Where sources of excessive wealth be uncovered,
Where causes of sins be found out,
Where all prisons shall thus be locked;

Where mutual understanding would prevail,
Where people would realise that all are the offspring of Adam,
Where people would wish for others,
What they find good for themselves;

Where indolence shall be considered sinful,
Where sustained work shall be the motto of the people,
Where honesty should prevail in all walks of life,
Where the dishonest receive no encouragement;

Where peace is the order of the day,
Where non-violence prevails on all sides,
And if some thoughtless fool throws a challenge
People will resist him with full determination;

Baasi na yeti kaaṅh käaṅsi gäar
Akh akysuṅduy aasi na väar
Yeti zan pakan thȯd thavith käar
Insaan maṅzy insaananuy

Yeti käansi kaaṅh raṭihe na däly
Yeti käansi kaanh heyihe na mäly
Yeti bolawuny gatshahäan nȧ käly
Lagiheh na thȯp armaananuy

Yeti zan na apzis assi jaay
Yeti zan na kaaṅh kari käansi raay
Yeti zan nȧ kaaṅh maṅgi käansi chaay
Tyuth rath ta maaz gȯtsh paananuy

Yeti diluky saaz aasan na zäry
Yeti kaläky jaam aasan na tshary
Yeti zan ȧchhan aasan na ṭhary
Aasan na kiji daamaananuy

Yeti dil kȯnith yeḍ bari nä kaaṅh
Yeti päany paanas phari nä kaaṅh
Yeti marnȧ bronṭhuy mari nȧ kaaṅh
Tyuth gȯtsh daryer eemaananȗy

Where none is taken as an alien,
Where people are not jealous of one another,
All hold their heads high,
And walk about as men among men;

Where one need not hold the apron-strings of the other,
Where one would not be the bonded slave of the other,
Where speech shall not be muzzled,
And human yearnings remain unexpressed;

Where untruth shall not find acceptance,
Where favouritism shall not exist,
Where graft shall be stamped out,
Such love for one another should prevail;

Where the chords of heart are not silent,
Where heads are not bereft of ideas,
Where blinkers are not put on eyes,
And freedom of movement not denied;

Where none would satisfy his hunger by selling his heart,
Where none would degrade himself,
Where none would die before his death,
Such a strong faith should prevail in our land.

May 1966.

CHAANI AMAARAY

Yaaro be pheeräs yaarabalan chaani amaaray
Laarem pädy mye aaräpalan chaani amaaray
Chhum no mye kuni kiny dod balan chaani amaaray
Laarem pady mye aaräpaan chaani amaaray

Kavä gaash träavith zooṅa neraan kämysúnze vere
Khwoshbov chaman träavith chhu pheraan kamysúnze vere
Kam laalä phäly yeti soor malan chaani amaaray
Larem pädy mye aarapalan chaani amaaray

Shaaman tä subhan vaav laaran chaani lolare
Baalan kohan pyeṭh paan maaraan chaani lolare
Suy zaani yes zan paad phalan chaani amaaray
Larem pädy mye aarapalan chaani amaaray

Yuth lol kyaah paantsadaran joyan ta beyi aaran
Doraan davaan margan ta bahaakan pyetḥ tä maṅz naaran
Laaraan chhi kalä chhaavaan palan chaani amaaray
Larem pädy mye aarapalan chaani amaaray.

Kyaah daag gulaalan röṭ dilas yuth boy tas aaye
Phuṭmúts yembärzali käar praaran kämysunze raaye.
Äshy ṭäary chhi pamposhan tä khyelan chaani amaaray
Larem pädy mye aarapalan chaani'amaaray.

Roozith rähith kavä gäamatiy batshä vahaarithuy yeti posh
Hath hath zabäany thävy thävy chhi gamuty
käly tä beyi khaamosh
Vöthmut chou huy didryen tä jalan chaani amäaray
Larem pädy mye aarapalan chaani amaaray

Almast häarith byooṭhmut vwony kalä pathar träavith
Loosith chhu praaran chaani vati pyetḥ chyeshmä vathräavith
Tshwopä dwopä kärith zan sheen galan chaani amaaray
Larem pädy mye aarapalan chaani amaaray.

IN SEARCH OF YOU

Friend! In my extreme love for you I have been wandering through all the lovely places. My feet were rubbed away by the boulders on the river banks, but my sickness has not been cured anywhere.

To meet whom do the moon beams leave the moon behind and fragrance wander leaving the flower gardens behind? Many a people living princely lives turn ascetics and rub ashes on their bodies in search of you.

The winds run from place to place, morning and evening, in search of you and beat themselves against mountains and hills. He whose feet, like mine, are frayed, alone can understand this.

How deep is the love that the waterfalls, brooks and streams have for you! They rush and run through meadows and ravines, beating their heads against boulders.

Your love created the black spot in the heart of the poppy, and, waiting for you, the neck of the narcissus has drooped; for your sake the eyes of the lotuses are brimming with tears.

The flowers, with their arms outspread, have become stunned and petrified. Possessing hundreds of tongues they are still, silent and dumb. The love they have for you has caused havoc in the hearts of skylarks and nightingales.

Disappointed, defeated, Almast sat with his head cast down. Enervated, his eyes spread on your path, he is waiting, melting like snow, silently, invisibly, in love for you.

December, 1951.

GHAZAL No. 7

Yoot kyehe chhakh zan vuḍaan vaav vyesiye
Rrozee saathaah gumä shyehlaav vyesiye
Babre lanji karaye vaav vyesiye
Rozee saathaah gumä shyehlaav vyesiye.

Mwokhtä ḍyakasůy bŏ yimä gumä shyehlaavay
Vatshi väalinji däady pannaniy baavay
Rozee boni tal taany lar traav vyesiye
Rozee saatthaah gumä shyehlaav vyesiye

Chhuy nä läazim kyenh bozůny myäany gam
Haal matä prutshtam tä buthisůy vuchhtam
Ḍyekä mutsrith nazraah traav vyesiye
Rozee saathaah gumä shyehlaav vyesiye

Chaani asnay khasnay vati vati gul
Myeti phwolihe yi dilakuy hŏkhmut kul
Kyehe asi kun ti vuṭh kumlaav vyesiye
Rozee saathaah gumä shyehlaav vyesiye

Booz dilnůy chäany myaani dilkuy sadaah
Natä yi tsoorä nazrav sůty vuchhunuy kyaah
Syŏd vuchhe vwony ṭhäry may thaav vyesiye
Rozee saathaah gumä shyehlaav vyestye

Chäani ṭhari maa myäany armaan katsi beeṭhy
Lolä nazrav dity gwoläaby paadan meeṭhy
Bas amiy sůty tśol mye aama taav vyesiye
Rozee saathaah gumä shyehlaav vyesiye

Chhus bo tolaan nazrav sůty yim naaz
Chhus vuraan bäatan manz patä tim raaz
Bozee saathaa khowor mooranaav vyesiye
Rozee saathaah gumä shyehlaav vyesiye

Kryehni acchnuy huṅd zulmaat mye hovthan
Täti tse Almast aabihayaat chovthan
Suy hayaat bäat bäny bäny draav vyesiye
Rozee saathaah gumä shyehlaav vyesiye

GHAZAL

Why, friend, do ye run away fast as the wind?
Just stay a while and let thy perspiration
cool down. Now let me fan thee with fragrant leaves.

I will help these pearls of perspiration cool
from thy forehead and then open my heart
to thee. Just stretch thyself under this chenar.

Thou need not listen to my sorrows, for
they are quite visible from my face. Only
cast a smiling glance at me.

Thy smile shall make flowers grow everywhere;
may be the withered plant of my heart shall also
bloom. Do please direct a smile on us too.

Perhaps my heart has already spoken to
Thine; else why would ye steal glances at me?
If so, please look straight at me
without screening thyself

For while thou screened thyself, my loving
looks where not quiet, but were kissing thy
rosy feet, and that alone cooled down
the burning within me.

I can weigh blandishments at a glance
and then string the secrets into verse—
only listen a while and just rest thy feet for the moment.

Thou showed to Almast the stygian region
of the black eyes and made him drink
the elixir of life in that land; and it is
that elixir which expresses itself in his verses.

March 1953.

BALLĀ YEPAARI

Ziyi kulysủy niyi kus me graavo
Yiyihe tsủy vantas vaavo
Diyi darshun soṅth ho aavo yiyi he tsủy vantas vaavo

Sheenȧ baalan tsäjy ȯbruch tshaay
Lefi talä zan kalä käḍy käḍy draay
Khäts rabi talä zan poshi bubraay
Zan zameeni armaan neery neery aay
Myeti dilkuy ṭoor phȯlraavo yiyihe tsủy vantas vaavo

Vȯth sangrav pyetḥy sheen gäly gäly
Jwoyi tay beyi aarȧ väthy tsäly tsäly
Sändiji ḍal aay stwopäary phȯly phȯly
Mushkȧ hȯt vaav aav gaw ḍäly ḍäly
Posha mati vaavȧ mo me mätsraavo
Viyihe tsủy vantas vaavo

Yemburzali suli yith loos käar
Tekäbaṭnyev ti maa thäv kaaṅh täar
Giliṭooryan tȧ sumbulan ti pyeyi chhäar
Meti gulaalan hủnz phȯj vachhas väar
Soṅth kyuth tsaau? Yes youth draavo
Yiyi he tsủy vantas vaavo

Graz tujy kukilav gulistaanan
Didrȧ bolaan chhi pyeṭh asmaanan
Jwoyi jaltarang vuzaan mȧadaanan
Zan divaan chhim me phyur armaannan
Vwony mȧ chwokanủy kräary tulanaavo
Yiyi he tsủy vantas vaavo

Phȯly baadaam kohȧ daamananuy
Pheer sabzi vuḍran tȧ vananủy
Rang phyur tswopȧary gulshananủy
Nyethȧnủny zänḍy taany väly pananủy
Tas ti nyethanủny shury yaad paavo
Yiyi he tsủy vantas vaavo

THIS SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN

Who would convey my grievances to my bread-winner?
We have spring here. O gentle breeze! Go and
beseech him to return.

Snow clad mountains which are free from the clouds
are popping their heads from underneath
their quilts. Earth appears giving vent to
its yearnings when myriad flowers sprout
forth from it. Let my heart's bud also bloom!
O wind, tell him to return.

Snow has melted on the mountains and cataracts
and brooks have started running down.
Mustard fields are a blossom everywhere and
fragrance—laden winds come and go. O wind!
Crazy for flowers are you, but do not tease me
Go and tell him to return.

Narcissus appeared earliest and felt tired
by waiting for the tulips and daffodils which
hastened their arrival later. Poppies have
bloomed on my breast too. How was the spring?
They ask. "As one felt and experienced it". O
wind! go now and tell him to return.

Riotous music is sung by doves in the
gardens and sky-larks are singing high
in the air. Streams flowing through the fields
produce myriad tunes of Jaltarng which tickle
my yearnings. Scrape not the cicatrices of my
wounds now, O wind! Go and tell him to return.

Almond blossoms bedeck the feet of the mountains
and hills and dales are rich with verdure. The
gardens have turned colourful; even bushes
cover their nakedness with leaves. O wind!
Remind him of his naked children and tell him
to come now.

Rav zȧmeeni yetskȧaly pravȧ traavaan
Chhas zemeen pardȧ tȧly buth haavaan
Rȧavmut posh bulbul chhu chhaavaan
Prath akhaa yeti dil phȧanphȧlaavaan
Vȧn bo kami sȯty dil phȧanphalaavo
Yiyi he tsȯy vantas vaavo

Gaamȧ swondryan beyi man chhi kaaṅh kal
Aay sȧmithy pȧanpari jaljal
Rafy lȧagikh poshȧ kulynȯy tal
Grazanȧavikh baal tay jaṅgal
Kus me bozyam kas bo vana naavo
Yiyi he tsȯy vantas vaavo.

Me chhi baalan kun lȧgmȯt laal
Ṭhari roozith chhum peer-pantsaal
Vaatahəa bo tas nish mȧarith tshaal
Baavahaa tas pananuy yih bad haal
Vaava myeti tas nish vaatanaavo
Yiyi he tsȯy vantas vaavo

Daari pyeṭh kȧar thaavith praaraan
Kan bo kadman tuhndyan daraan
Tsoori tsoore chhas bo ȯsh haaraan
Zan ta bwon vasnas chhim me maaraan
Yavanun chaav kas bo thyekanaavo
Yiyi he tsȯy vantas vaavo

Ryetakȧalis kȧriṭh jaan fidȧayee
Zuv tsȧṭy tsȧṭy ti chhanȧ mujrȧayee
Chhay gatshaan dwon bȧatsan judȧayee
Batȧ kulynȯy chha patȧvatȧ vilȧayee
Pȧtȧ thovun asi batȧ vaavo
Yiyi he tsȯy vantas vaavo

Zan ti kȯsmat son asi nish rooṭh
Gwoḍa tagangarivȯy anyov asi ṭooṭh
Didrä hyeth tasji myon gevnuy myooṭh
Nyäav poshav kȯr me rangasȯy looṭh
Vwony siyaah sari mȧ lutaav naavo
Yiyi he tsȯy vantas vaavo

Earth is unveiling its face to greet the rays of the sun after a long interval. The bulbul is enjoying itself in the company of long separated flowers. Everyone is gladdening his heart here. But tell me how I shall enjoy myself. O wind! Go and beseech him to return.

Village belles have few diversions. Like butterflies they assemble under the shade of flowery trees to sing choruses with which the hills and woods resound. Sing though I would, who shall be my listener? O wind! Go and tell him to return.

My eyes are glued to the mountains but the Pirpanchal is the barrier. Could I leap across it, I would meet him and relate the tale of my woe. O wind! Lift me high or else tell him to return.

With my head bent on the window-panel, I am all ears for the thud of his steps. Stealthily, I weep. No pleasure do I find in going down from here and move about. Who is there before whom I can boast of my youthful beauty? O wind! Do go and tell him to return.

During summers we spend every ounce of our energy and even after hard, sweating labour, nobody cares for us. We, producers of food, are in dire want of it. Loving couples are thrown apart and eternal is the curse of poverty on us.

Fate appears to have turned against us; manipulators and wire-pullers play havoc with us. Even sky—larks steal my song and red-tulips my fiery complexion'. A bashful lady like me is being looted. Can he bear such indignity ? O wind! Go and tell him to return.

Doori vati pakvununuy chhi deshaan
Tahunzi bråants shury kotaah chhi kreshaan
Ţikh tulith tas buthy laari neraan
Thȯd tulaan krakȧ deedee asmaan
Tsingrȧ maaraan laalȧ ho aavo
Yiyi he tsůy vantas vaavo

Chhas khabar shurynůy chha tämysunz maaṅd
Gav su yȧnȧ zonukh nȧ bar tay braaṅd
Vȧly yinuk kȯrmas me koot baaṅd baaṅd
Vȧny yȯtaany saarvůy khaahn vȧay daaṅd
Chhas bo lalȧ naavaan aamätaavo
Yiyi he tsůy vantas vaavo

Rood maṅzbaag byooṭh sonuy khaah
Saani baapat krooṭh gav duiyah
Vot na arshas taany zaah son aah
Tsaala shurynůy hundi chhworȧ chhworȧ kyaah
Anä daade gayi panȧ daavo
Yiyi he tsůy vantas vaavo.

My children look at wayfarers coming from afar.
Expecting their father as one of them, they stumble
in hurry to welcome him and their joyful cries
resound in the spheres. They frisk and fawn in jollity
crying, "Our father is come! Oh, he is come!"
Therefore go, O wind, and tell him to hurry his return.

Full well he knows how much the children love him;
scarcely did they move out from their house since
he left. I had repeatedly told him to return soon.
Others have already ploughed their land, but I
continue to nurse my separation'! Go, O wind!
tell him to return now.

Ours is the only piece of land lying idle,
unploughed! How cruel is the world for us!
Our sighs never reached the heavens. My children
fret and fume and sob, but how long shall I suffer.

February, 1952.

BAALĂ APAARI

Garȧ traavyom kami chikȧ chaavay
Pardeshan bo aas batȧ vaavay
Barȧ gos yeti garmuni taavay
Pardeshan bo ass batȧ vaȧvay

Ryatȧ kȧalis batȧ kwomȧ kari me
Rab donaan losam nari me
Khahasuy manz phuṭryam pari me
Me dapyov vanda neryam gari me
Dewȧ bo taapȧwod paan shahlaavay
Pardeshan bo ass batȧ vaavay

Zonum nȧ laga yeth tatsi taave
Zonum nȧ gatshȧ eervuni naave
Zonum nȧ ṭoṭḥ garȧ maa raave
Zonum nȧ mwoktȧ maalȧ chhakraave
Me dapyov yaavnuny posh chhavay
Pardeshan bo aas batȧ vaavay

Vuchhtȧ kȯt kȯt phyurvus bo obtȧnůy
Maaz latnuy hond gȯl me vatnuy
Kati yi syekh tȧ kati myon poshi vatnuy
Zan ti jahnamuk naar yeti tatnuy
Bȧḍ kȧsheer ti gwȯḍȧ kyaah bo thyekanaavay
Pardeshan bo aas batȧ vaavay

Myȧany kȧsheer daadyen chhi balȧraavaan
Myȧany kȧsheer shaadyn chhi vuzȧnaavaan
Myȧany kȧsheer vwopran chhi pholraavaan
Myȧany kȧsheer pananyen chhi tsȧlraavaan
Pardaarche kȧryzi kyaah graavay
Pardeshan bo aas batȧ vaavay

Cheez sȧany jaan jaan ameeran kithy
Kamȧ nemȧts tȧ khaan ameeran kithy
Sȧany mazoor zuv tȧ jaan ameeran kithy
Sȧany zameen tȧ aasmaan ammeran kithy
Chhay ameeranůy tati swokh tȧ ssavay
Pardeshan bo aas batȧ vaavay.

THAT SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN

I left my home with great gusto and came to
different lands in search of livelibood. But here
I am emaciated by heat.

Working hard in the fields in summer, sifting
slush and mud, my arms were frayed. I
worked very very hard in the hope of passing winter
in my home and soothe my seared limbs.
But I had to leave my home and seek livelihood here.

I knew not that heat would enervate me: knew
not that I would glide like an unpiloted boat: knew
not that my dear home would be lost to me, and
knew not that my rosary would be torn and
the pearls scattered. I desired to enjoy my youthful
days, but I had to come here for a living.

Look to what a place hunger has brought me!
Most of the flesh of my feet was rubbed away
on these paths. What a contrast! My native land
laden with flowers and this sand here:
Infernal fire: But how can I boast of my
home when I had to leave it for seeking
livelihood here?

My Kashmir cures diseases and rouses
slumbering joys; my Kashmir sets abloom
the hearts of aliens but pushes her own sons out.
What grievance can I have against her when
she lavishes her prodigal love on others?

All our good things are meant for the rich: Look!
What delicacies adorn their tables! Our labour, our
very lives, even our earth and sky are for the rich
who get luxurious comfort there. We have to go
to other places for a living.

Kaañh chhu aasaan åalimi mahshoor
Kaañh chhu aasaan håakimi mahshoor
Kaañh chhu aasaan zåalimi mahshoor
Asy chhi saarinûy khåadimi mahshoor
Beyi chhu kyaah asi tee to bo thyekanaavay
Pardeshan bo aas batå vaavey

Asi chhi asûvûny kohsaar tå asi khyaah
Asi chhi vasûvûny aabshaar tå asi kyaah
Asi chhi phwolwûny gulzaar tå asi kyaah
Asi chhi ḍolavûny myeva zaar tå asi kyaah
Asi chhu haakusûty khòtmut laavay
Pardeshan bo ass batå vaavay,

Āsy chhi haakå batå baapat håaraan
Yeḍ bårythûy batå kuy chhu armaan
Batå baapathûy chhi dohali ti kreshaan
Khabb batåkiy chhi raatas ti ḍeshaan
Yeḍ vadaa kinå garå yaad paavay
Pardeshen bo aas batå vaavay

Zoon khyevaan aasi myaani daade zahar
baalanuy kun swo assi thåavith nazar
kus hyevaan assi tati tamsûnz khabar
kus vanyes pyeyi yeti me khworsåy tabar
dåady kåatyaah bo yeti lalånaavay
pardeshan aas bo batå vaavay

Kus vanyas chhus bo mozoor gomut
Chhum davaah daadi nosoor navyomut
Chhus zameenas bo yeti laaryomut
Looka hûñzûnuy myechinûy bo pyomut
Chhus galaan añdaree sharmi daavay
Pardeshan bo aas batå vaavay

Khoon kam kåry me yes zooni bapat
Tåsy myaani zooni sapdyaa yi haalat
Kiya so kreshaa bataphali baapat
Hay so lalavyaa az myon hasrat
Kas bo yeti vwony yi haatḥ phuṭaraavey
Pardeshan bo ass batå vaavay

Illustrious scholars, famous administrators,
notorious tyrants, enjoy themselves in Kashmir.
We are no less famous, but only as their servants.
What else is there for us to boast of?

We have similing mountain ranges, but what to us?
We have cascading cataracts, but what to us?
We have beautiful fllowers and plentiful fruit,
but what to us? Our stomachs are walled
by vegetable mould alone:

We long for mere rice and saag and crave for a
bellyful of it. Our days pass in its search and
in nights we dream of the same. Shall I lament
for hunger and want or remember my hearth and home,
Wherefrom was I driven away to seek livelihood here?

My Zoon must be tormented by my absence from her
and her gaze fixed towards the mountains.
Who should look after her there and who can tell
her that my foot was felled by an axe?
How many privations should I endure here, where
I labour for a living?

Who can tell her that I am maimed here
and have developed gangrene for want of care?
Infirmity has compelled me to
lick the dust here and I subsist on the
trivial offerings of others. A sense of
shame is eating into my vitals.

What feats did I perform to get me my Zoon;
And should she waste thus? Should she be in
such want and endure separation from me
and pine for me? But who is here on
whom I could vent my spleen?

Zan ti koh aasi doh guzraavaan
Lol bwochhi tȧ shury kwochhi lalanaavaan
Yets so assi sȧts kȧry kȧry thaavan
Aasi tee shuryan vȧny vȧny saavan
Kȧansi nish ma so kari myaani graavey
Pardeshan bo aas batȧ vaavy

Ṭhanda waava graayi zan chhi zooni hůṅdy aah
Zan ta yim chḥi graavavuy bȧry bȧry shaah
Zan ta vwoshnuy hund yi toofaanaah
Zan ashuk ath manz chhu sȧahlaabaa
Ahvulunisuy maṅz maa bo raavay
Pardeshan bo aas batȧ vaavay

Heemaalȧ kam chhi baalȧ apȧaree
Ziyi kulynůy path hyeth chhi khȧaree
Lůyi losaan chhakh pyȧary pyȧaree
Karahȧanakh yim naaz bardȧaree
Tim chhi dȧdymůty yeti aamȧ taavay
Pardeshan bo ass bo batȧ vaavay

Kam laalȧ phȧly chhi baalȧ yepȧare
Lalȧ naavan chi lolȧ bemȧare
Dooriran yets chhi karmůty taare
Garȧ Kunuy chhakh darȧ ȧchh tȧ kaare
Barȧ gȧamůty chhi varzȧni vaavay
Pardeshan bo ass batȧ vaavay

Garȧ trȧavith ti vantȧ provum kyaah
Vandȧ guzryom traavaan vwosh tȧ aah
Garȧ vandayo tse garȧ saasaah
Yeti yor gari nerȧhȧ nȧ vwony zaah
kȯt bo vwony zaah beyi garȧh traavay
Pardeshan bo aas batȧ vaavay

Kaanh kasheeri hunzi vati pyeṭh me niyihe
Patȧ kasheeri yus moṭaraah yiyihe
Tami moṭarůch gardaah me diyihe
Tami garde me pooryer yiyihe
Tami garde bo paan shehlaavay
Pardeshan bo ass batȧ vaavay

Passing each day must be for her an uphill task,
fondling in her lap love, hunger, and children,
cherishing fond hopes and lulling children to
sleep by false promises and smooth excuses. Is
she not complaining against me before anyone?

A cool breeze passing here? It must be her
cold sighs loaded with protestations—a storm;
A drizzle? This is the flood of her tears.
Would'nt I get lost in this whirlpool?

What beauties are there on the other side of
the mountain, suffering separation from their
bread winners: Their eyes become glassy
by ceaseless waiting. Scorched by heat
are those here who could appreciate and
do justice to their loveliness;

Many handsome youths are on this side of the
mountain. Nursing their love sickness they are
suffering from the pains of separation with their
eyes and necks turned towards their homes;

I left my home, but what did I gain? I
merely sighed the winter away. O home;
I shall sacrifice a thousand homes for you
and shall not be away from you any more;

Who shall carry me to the road leading to
Kashmir and offer me some dust raised
by the car coming from Kashmir?
That dust shall surely cure me;

January 1953.

GHAZAL No. 8

Holȧ hȯt dil pholȧraave dolȧ traave akh nazar
Lol myonuy sholȧnaave dolȧ traave akh nazar.

Lȯt ratshaa yim pu̇ry traave
Pȯt nazar diyihe agar
Akh ratshaa Khwor moornaave
Dolȧ traave akh nazar

Dil kȯtuth taany tsoori thaave
Koot kari insaaan jigar
Yeli su aki laṭi aazmaave
Dolȧ traave akh nazar.

Mast cheshmav su̇ty chaave
Kyaah me shahlaave jigar
Teer nazran huṅdy chalaave
Dolȧ traave akh nazar

Posh vati vati phȯlȧraave
Vutḥ su kumlaave agar
Navbahaaras maṅdȧ chhave
Dolȧ traave akh nazar.

Panȧni husnuk jalvȧ haave
Neri almastas ti shar
Lol dilkuy bolnaave
Dolȧ traave akh nazar.

GAAZAL

If she would but look at me aslant
My love laden heart would be set abloom:
My love would be set ablaze
If she would but look at me aslant!

Would she but tread rather gently
And turn back to look at me:
would she but stop awhile
And look at me aslant!

How long can one evade one's emotions?
How much courage can one muster?
If she would try me but once
And cast a slanting look at me?

If she would make me drink through her wild eyes
Refreshed and cooled would my heart be;
Would she but throw the dart of her glance!
And look at me aslant.

Paths would be strewn with flowers
If she would but smile.
Fresh spring would be put to shame
If she would but look at me aslant.

Would she but exhibit the splendour of her beauty,
Almast's yearnings would be satisfied.
Eloquent would be the love in his heart
If she would but look at him aslant.

July 1966.

MAARAMATI TSATI EEZIHE

Posh phòlymùty kohasaaran maaramati tsȧ ti eezihe
Aarah kròt hyoo chhus bo praaran maaramati tsȧ ti eezihe
Josh dyutmut navbahaaran maaramati tsȧ ti eezihe
Aarah kròt hyoo chhus bo praaran maaramati tsȧ ti eezihe

Obra vuṭh mutsraavy phitràts sheenȧ baalav hyòt asun
Zan tȧ yemi butȧ ràatsa hundivuy daṅda maalav hyòt asun
Khooni dil vuni chhus bo haaran maaramati tsȧ ti eezihe
Aarah kròt hyoo chhus bo praaran maaramati tsȧ eezihe

Asftaaban taapȧ narivùy naalȧ mati ràtmuts zameen
Baara bukȧ ȧas aamatsùy yetskaala chiy ashȧ kàts zameen
Zolnas bo rashkȧ naaran maarȧ mati tsȧ ti eezihe
Aarah kròt hyoo chhus bo praaran maarȧ mati tsȧ ti eezihe

Vandake ṭhipi manzȧ chhi draamùty heetȧ baadaam vaarinùy
Myul gomut yetskäaly az toṭan ta beyi vanhaarinùy
Laal myäanee tsey chhi gaaran maaramati tsȧ ti eezihe
Aarah kròt hyoo chhus bo praaran maaramati tsȧ ti eeezihe

Gulazaarav shaalamaaran bakhshumut nov noor az
Aäy bulbul läary lad tulne gulan hund vyoor az
Räjy chhi läjmùts naavȧ taaran maaremati tsȧ ti ezihe
Aarah krot hyoo chhus bo praaran maara mati tsȧ ti eezihe

Neerithùy butaräats andre ṭoory kass taany vuchhni draay
Bozȧ naavaan sozidil kòstoory kas taany vuchhni draay
Aarah kas taany kun chhi laaraan maaramati tsȧ ti eezihe
Aarah kròt hyoo chhus bo praaran maaramati tsȧ ti eezihe

MY LOVE YOU TOO SHOULD HAVE COME

Mountains and meadows are abloom with
flowers. My love, you too should have come.
Waiting for you, my plight has
become pitiful. Spring is in full bloom.
You too should have come, my love.

Nature opened her cloud-pursed lips
and the snow-clad mountains, like
rows of earth's teeth, have started smiling.
But I am still shedding tears of blood.
You too should have come, my Love.

In its warm embrace has the sun
clasped the earth which, with a load
of tears, was about to burst. Looking at
this I am consumed in the fire of jealousy.
My love, you too should have come.

Under the pretext of enjoying the
almond-blossoms lovers have come
out of the winter's confinements to meet
one another; but the pupils of
my eye are still in search of you.
You too should have come, my Love.

The rose-faced ones have lent new splendour
to Shalamars; bulbuls are in hot haste to
enjoy the company of flowers; rows of ferry—
boats cross and recross the Dal lake cease—
lessly. You too should have come, my love.

From underneath the earth, the buds are
sprouting forth to look at some one;
Tickell's thrushes are out to proclaim their harmonies;
Mountain brooks are in hot pursuit of
some one. My love, you too should have come.

Baaganủy manz zool zan kormut chhu shamaroyivủy
Muskhi ambarah barymutee az baag sumbȧly moyivuy
Khaarȧ lȯgmut posha zaaran maara mati tsȧ ti eezihe
Aarah krȯt hyoo chhus bo praaraan maaramati tsȧ ti eezihe

Poshȧ Kulynuy tal samaavaaran ta beyi chaayan chhu bosh
Nazri hunzinủy dolȧ traayan zulfachan graayan chhu bosh
Tobȧ phuṭ parhezgaaran maaramati tsȧ ti eezihe
Aarah krȯt hyoo chhus bo praaran maaramati tsȧ ti eezihe

The gardens appear illuminated by the
candle-like bright faces; the hyacinth—
haired ones have filled them with the fragrance
of ambergris; flowers have become jealous of
them; My love, you too should have come.

Under the flower trees tea is simmering
in proud somavars; looks aslant and
flaunting tresses are pride of the place. The
vows of devout puritans are also broken.
My plight has become pitiful, waiting for
you. You, too, should have come, my love.

June, 1957

GHAZAL No. 9

Vyesiye tsalahȧay tsalahȧay
Tsȧlith tȧ tsalahȧay vanannůy
Soor paanas bo malahȧay
Tsȧlith tȧ tsalahȧay vanannůy

Zaag hyamahȧas bo dalahůy
Bo manz baag pamposhanůy
Pherȧ khyalȧ path khyaluhy
Tsȧlith tȧ tsalahȧay vanannůy

Achhavala bonye talȧ hȧay
Bo doonee zȧaly zȧaly beyhmȧhas
Tati bo gakhras kalȧ hȧay
Tsȧlith tȧ tsalahȧay vanannůy.

Kyli sheen zan galȧhaay
Kala ṭḥaasaan vasah aarah zan
Lolȧ sudray balȧ hȧay
Tsȧlith tȧ tsalahȧay vanannůy

Khaak paanas bo malahȧay
Tasundyun nakshipaadan hunzůy
Dyeva bo tamisůty balahaay
Tsȧlith tȧ tsalahȧay vanannuy

Almasta kȯt bo tsalahȧay
Tsȧly tsȧly ti chhum lalavun me suy
Ywosu me lalavuny chha kalahaay
Tsȧlith tȧ tsalahȧay vanannůy.

GHAZAL

Friend, I feel like running far away and
further yet; I feel like besmearing my
body with ashes.

I will watch for him in the Dal Lake in the
midst of lotus flowers, going from one
lotus leaf to another.

I will light a sanyasin's fire under the
shady chinars at Achabal, and there I will
bow to him, rubbing my forehead on
the earth

By love's heat I shall melt like snow
and flow down as a mountain brook, striking
my head against rocks till I feel at
rest in the ocean of love.

I will apply the dust from his steps
to my body in the hope that it will
heal my wounds.

But, Almast, where can I run away?
for wherever I go, I shall cherish
the loging for him—the longing
I am destined to cherish.

July, 1935

KHÅRY HAANZANY

Kheylvůy mañzå khåry kåṭy tsåary tsåaree
Ḍalå mañza chi van håariye
Lalavakhå bwochhi kinå lolå bemåaree
Ḍalå mañzå chi van håariye

Kyehe karnay yim khåry khåṭy yåaree
Taavanani yemi baazåariye
Athy vanaan karniy dam shoomåaree
Ḍalå mañzå chi van håariye

Taapå kråayi mañz chhayna dastbardåaree
Rumå rumå gumå chhiy jåariye
Gumå vůy sůty gåy jañdå låary låaree
Ḍalå mañzå chi van håariye

Ratå chaani wotaley dwodå baapåaree
Patå thåv hay tse naadåariye
Tshetah kôr yaavun chon batåmåaree
Ḍalå mañzå chi van håariye

Pamposhav kår chåany gamkhåaree
Båry båry aakh åsh ṭåariye
Zonukh husnas chhaanå paåydåaree
Ḍalå mañzå chi van håariye

Jantåky saamaanå chhiy trowapåaree
Thavmåty åmy båazgåariye
Añdree zåajnakh jaahnamå nåaree
Ḍalå mañzå chi van håariye.

Ḍalasåy lågytan måala tswopåaree
Chhay tse kharichiy zimadåariye
Kyaah karakh nafsåny chhay giriftåaree
Ḍalå mañzå chi van håariye.

A MAIDEN COLLECTING RUSHES

O Myna of the Dal Lake,
Will you fondle the pangs of love
Or quench the pangs of hunger
By picking rushes among lotuses?

What shall these rushes avail you
In these hard and treacherous times?
Alive you are, but you do not live,
O, Myna of the Dal Lake!

After hard toil in the scorching sun
Denied to you is rest and relaxation;
You sweat till your rags are glued to your body,
O Myna of the Dal Lake!

Dogged are you by unrelieved starvation,
Hunger puts out the flame of your youth!
But fattening on your blood are the milk merchants,
O Myna of the Dal Lake!

Feeling sympathy for you,
Tearful are the lotuses,
Realising the transience of beauty,
O, Myna of the Dal lake!

Blessed are you by the Great Juggler
With surroundings celestial;
But fire infernal consumes you within,
O Myna of the Dal lake!

Festivals may be celebrated around the lake,
But concerned with rushes alone are you;
Helpless are you, tormented by hunger,
O Myna of the Lake!

Doori pyeṭha boozum kan dáary dáaree
Aarah háts cháany vilazàariye
Gevunaah zon samsáary be áaree
Ḍalá mañzá chi van háariye.

Namsúy pyeṭh gamkuy tasveeraah
Pamposhav mañzy traavan aah
Almastan kár nakshonigáaree
Ḍalá mañzá chi van häariye

I was all ears for your plaintive notes
Which I heard from afar;
Mistaken are these for songs by the people of this cruel world,
O Myna of the Dal lake!

Sitting on the prow, a picture of sorrow are you,
Heaving sighs through the lotuses;
Almast painted your portrait
O Myna of the Dal lake!

March 1953.

GHAZAL No. 10

Mė kun maa pheer zaah anvȧary saaqi
Tsė baaki myȧany roodee bȧary saaqi

Tsȧ amikhwotȧ thavtȧ barnyan tȧary saaqi
Me kȧafee chhim panůny ȧsh ṭȧary saaqi

Zaraa vuchh syȯd ma vuchh tȧly ṭȧary saaqi
Mȧ tul vwony lolȧ chwoknůy krȧary saaqi

Chhi maa ath dachhirasas ȧsy lȧary saaqi
Hanaa phir yor kun yim ṭȧary saaqi

Me dwokh dity kůty yemy samsȧary saaqi
Zaraa dim hwokhanȧ vwony yim ṭȧary saaqi

Tsȧ thȯkham bȧagraavan mas paraayan
Yiman narinůy by laguhȧay pȧary saaqi

Bo aamut chaani saalay maykadas maṅz
Me chhaa kyeṅh yor yun begȧary saaqi

Tshȯkith botal pyevaan chay jamȧnish door
Chhi sȧaree matlabas yeti lȧary saaqi

Ganeemat daam kyeṅh athi ȧay almast
Chhi kas natȧ jaam rozaan sȧary saaqi

GHAZAL

O Saqi ! You never allowed me my turn. The burden of
my unsatisfied desires shall be on you.

Bolt your doors you may, O Saqi, I am unmindful,
Sufficient are my tears for me to drink.

O Saqi, look straight at me, not askance.
Do not scratch the wounds suffered by me in love.

Fond I am not of the juice of vine, O Saqi;
Just turn your eyes to me and that is sufficient.

Numerous are the woes inflicted on me
by time; now allow my eyes to dry, O Saqi !

Tired are you by serving round the cup to my rivals.
I feel compassion for your weary arms and wish them well.

I am in the tavern at your invitation, O Saqi;
Mind it : I am not uninvited.

The emptied bottle is thrown away from the goblet;
Selfishness is the order of the day, O Saqi.

O Saqi, grateful is Almast for a few draughts that he got.
Who, else, is blessed by the constancy of the cups?

October 1962.

PAANICH RÄANY

Aab seenas pyeth chhu chäanee naav lalanaaväaniye
Khaabä mäṅzy zan aabä pyetḥy draayakh tsä paanich räaniye
Naav chäanee zan pakhan pyeth vaav paknaaväaniye
Khaabä mäṅzy zan aabä pyetḥy draayakh tsä paanich räaniye

Doori pyetḥa yali peyi me tse tä chaaane shikaare kun nazar
Broṅt gav me vöth tsändär asmaanükuy aabas aṅdar
Dop me vöth maa bwon thäkith vwony pakypakee asmäaniye
Khaabä mäṅzy zan aabä pyetḥy draaykh tsä paanich räaaiye

Broṅt gav me vätsh punim hüṅz zoon dyevah buträats pyetḥ
Häaratas manz gos vatshmüts az yi kavah butaräats pyetḥ
Döp me äny maa säaly az yetskäaly maaliny kräaniye
Khaabä mäṅzy zan aabä pyetḥy draayakh tsä paanich räaniye

Bungri shrwoni sai suty vaayaan khoory chhee kyah zeru bam
Akh saraapaa saaz zan chäanee haväayee yim kadam
Saaz pakvun aabä pyetḥy sozas chhu vuzunaaväaniye
Khaabä mäṅzy zan aabä pyetḥy draayekh tsä paanich räaniye

Vuzuvüne kanavaaji gilne chhay dilan muhithüy nivaan
Pata ti adä pachhä vaadunüy kati chhuy yi dil kuni tḥaṭhy yivaan
Ächh vaṭith zan thäv kanav kin chhakh tsä arpaaväaniye
Khaabä mäṅzy zan aabä pyeṭhy draayakh tsä paanich räaniye

Paaṅ malakh nari tulytuli tsey kun chhu yemnüy hol chon
Meeṭhy pëtsi käṭy chhiy divaan buthsüy chhu yemnüy lol chon
Chaani vati pyeṭh khyel chhi pananuy paan vwothraaväaniye
Khaabä mäṅzy zan aabä pyeṭhy draayakh tsä paanich räaniye

Khoorivüy süty mwokhta chäkraavaan khyelan pyeṭh kus yi aav
Zanti pamposhan andar az pakvunuy pamposh tsaav
Gam chhu pamposhan dapaan paabaṅd thävy äsy läani ye
Khaabä mäṅzy zan aabä pyetḥy draayakh tsä paanich räaniy

QUEEN OF THE WATERS

Waters fondle on their breast your boat,
O queen of the waters!
Moving on its surface you look like one in dreams
With the winds pulling your boat on their wings.
O Queen of the waters!

From afar when my glance fell on you and
your boat, I thought that the crescent, weary of
its travels in the skies, had come
down on the surface of the water.

Later, I mistook you for the full moon
which had descended down on the earth.
Surprised was I what brought it down,
Was it invited by its parent for a
brief sojourn here, after a long separation?

The musical splash of oars accompanies the
tintinnabulation of your bangles. The chords
of our hearts are touched by the lilting music
produced by your skyey steps, kindling
in us the flame of love.

Peace of our minds is disturbed by the wanton
tossing of your ear rings and for weeks
together our hearts are unable to rally.
Close our eyes we may, but we are
smothered by you through our ears.

Fond of you are the ripples which lift their arms
higher and higher: the reeds kiss your face
being in love with you. Lotus leaves
spread themselves on your path,
O Queen of the waters!

Kaala mastas pyetḥ chḥi stsne patuchi rwoni náanpaan yim
Zooni áṅdy áṅdy zan ta yim taarakh tavay káanpaan yim
Masta khyesh zan óbra lóng yeth vaav vuḍnaaväaniye
Khaabá mäṅzy zan aabá pyetḥy draayakh tsá paanich ráaniye

Thód raṭakhnaa poots chhay aabas andar kútsúvana yiwaan
Moka záanith aab maa nata meetḥy ath pootse divaan
Moka myeti kath karnukhy tsey súty bakhshum láaniye
Khaabá mäṅzy zan babá pyeṭhy draaykh tsá paanich ráaniye

DÓYMI DÓHÁ

Raath kyaah dyoothum ta az kyaah chhus bo vwony ḍesháaniye
Aavulunisúy maṅz bwoḍemúts chhakh tsá paanich ráaniye
Ámy gamuky swosree ándáry khemúts javáani cháaniye
Aavulunisúy maṅz bwoḍemúts chhakh tsá paanich ráaniye

Zindagiya húnz naav lájmúts phikri dáryaavas andar
Aavuluny chhay koona kaḍith animúts tse buthi vaavas andar
Käsmatun tsey zor azmaavaan tá käsmat cháaniye
Aavulunisúy maṅz bwoḍemuts chaakh tsá paanich ráaniye

Gworbatúchi hili maṅz phasemúts naav jahaadav súty kaaḍan
Losumatsá chhay nari magar musmam iraadav súty kaḍaan
Kus chhu mushkil yeth na buth badlov ámy insáaniye
Aavulunisúy maṅz bwoḍemúts chhakh tsä paanich ráaniye

Taavanav manzá taavanaah bóḍ hyoo yi be patsh rozgaar
Dozakhav manzá dozukhaah tót hyoo syethah shikmuk yi naar
Dáhá tä rehá rostuy ándáry insaanunúy zaaláaniye
Aavulunisúy maṅz bwoḍemúts chhakh tsá paanich ráaniye

Chhus bo az ami naará dódmut chham me tezemúts nazar
Andrimyen chaanyan dwokhan pyetḥ chham tavay pemúts nazar
Begamiyi käatsaah nazar móṭráavumúts áas miáanye
Aavulunisúy maṅz bwoḍemúts chaakh tsa paanich ráaniye

Who comes scattering pearls on the lotus leaves by
means of oars?

Is it a walking lotus walking
among the lotuses, unchained and free? The
lotuses rue their destiny which keeps them chained.

Your raven hair is held by the pearl-studded
ribbon and you look like the moon
surrounded by numerous twinking, trembling
stars. Like clouds, waved by gentle
breezes, are your dangling, dancing locks.

Keep it a little higher; your mantilla is
being drenched in water. stealing an
opportunity, the waters caress and kiss it,
and good luck to me to get a chance to talk to you.

NEXT DAY

What did I see yesterday and what do I see
today? Caught are you in a whirlpool
and sorrow is eating into the very vitals of
your youth. O, Queen of the Waters!

Your life's boat is caught in the ocean of sorrows; untethered
from the shore it is facing the frontal attack of the storm.
You challenge your fate and fate challenges your endeavour,
O, Queen of the Waters.

Caught in the stubborn weeds of poverty, you try to extricate the
boat by hard struggle; weary are your arms, but strong is your
determination. What tangles are there which
have not been untangled by man?

Precarious living is the worst of calamities and the worst of
infernal fires is the smokeless, flameless, fire of hunger
which consumes man invisibly.

I am also burning in this fire at present and it has blessed me
with an understanding eye enabling me to peep into your
sorrows. Warped and blurred was may vision
when I was free from woes, O Queen of the waters.

June 1955

AAZÅDI HUND NAGMÅ

Vatnas bahaar aamut vatnuk bahaar pooshin
Yetskäaly aamutuy asi dilkuy karaar pooshin

Gav shaamigam khatam vwony subhe bahaar pooshin
Vatnúch yi shaan pooshin vatnuk vėkaar pooshin

Kalúvaalå vaan pooshin beyi baadakhaar pooshin
Mas hyes yenuk ti pooshin tamykuy khumaar pooshin

Phuṭurov asi gwoläamee huṅd towk pazrü sútiy
Pooshin hameshū aazäadiyihund yi haar pooshin

Yemy säany loluṇaaran zäalith tshunee gwoläami
Saanyan dilan abad taany suy lolå naar pooshin

Sagnovmut chaman son yimvúy chhu khoonä sútiy
Bilkul tyuthuy dilan maṅz saanyan amaar pooshin

Aazaadushaad roozin hindostaan sonuy
Yes yiyi azarvunuy tas laluvun yi naar pooshin

Almast intizaaras praaräan rozi yaaras
Pooshin su yaar vwopran asi shayi yaar pooshin

THE SONG OF FREEDOM

Spring has come to motherland ! May it last !
After ages our hearts regained peace ! May this peace last !

Night of sorrow has ended; may the splendour of morn last !
May its prestige remain undimmed, may the glory of our land
last !

O Saaqi ! May we and our tavern attain life everlasting !
May the nectar of consciousness last and may its intoxication
last !

The yoke of slavery was rent by us by the weapon of Truth,
May the garland of liberty in our necks last !

May that fire of love which destroyed our slavery
Last in our breasts till eternity !

There were those who watered our motherland with their blood,
May the same spirit in our hearts also last !

May our India remain happy and free for ever !
Let the jealous and the envious be consumed in their own fire !

Almast shall continue to wait for his friend !
Let his fond expectations last though the friend
may regale others !

15th August, 1969.

VIDVAAYI HUNDY YEDAAKH

Gom kwȯt me naar dith lwokächaar myon
Pherinaa pȯt beyi yiyas naa aar myon
Sontȧsuy maṅz gav däzith sabzaar myon
Pherina a pȯt beyi yiyas naa aar myon

Phȯjis yeli maalini gare giliṭoor zan
Aḍȧ kaji zyevi bolwun kȯstoor zan
Myaani zyenȧ phȯlmut timan os noor zan
Ȧasy kyaah lalävaan me kanȧdoor zan
Os kotaah sakh timan amaar myon
Pherinaa pȯt beyi yiyas naa aar myon

Kȯty tanȧ pyetḥȧ sontanuy phȯlräavy gul
Mȧty gȧmȯty bilbicharavūy kyaah cḥhȧavy gul
meetḥy kȧry kȧry bombravuy vuzuṅȧavy gul
Poshȧmativuy fotev sȯty sombräavy gul
Kreshavun rood treshȧ hȯt gulzaar myon
Pherinaa pȯt beyi yiyas naa aar myon

Soṅth kȧatyaah aay tanȧ kyaah ditukh josh
Bulbulan tay poshanȯy tsȧjy roshȧ rosh
Posh phȯly rabi ḍoorinuy tȧany aav bosh
Phȯly phȯlee kȧnḍy moorinuy taany aay posh
Kȯnḍ mwotsyov path kun yi gul rwokhsəar myon
Pherinaa pȯt beyi yiyas naa aar myon

Aaasi khaandar kȧansi dil myonuy rivaan
Tsanji tumbaknaarian haṅzai väalinji yivaan
Chhȯm mye ȧndri tsyeth panuny kȯt taany nivaann
Broṅṭh kun chhum nakshȧ guzryomut yivaan
Yaad pyevaan chhum su khwosh deedaar myon
Pherinaa pȯt beyi yiyas naa aar myon

Yaad pyevaan chhum zi äas myeti mȧanziraath
Mȧaly vuchhanaavyom rut kyaah lagnȧ saath
Aamȯtsuy dumdaamȧ saan myeti ȧas baraath
Poshamȧts zan ȧas kyaah gwodnich swo raath
Gom poshav mȧnzy buchhith shahmaar myon
Pherinaa pȯt beyi yiyas naa aar myon

A WIDOW'S LAMENTATION

Setting me on fire, where has my childood gone?
Taking pity on me, won't it come back? The
verdure of my garden was seared in the very spring.
Taking pity on me, wont' it come back?

In my parents' home I bloomed like a
daffodil, and in my lallation they heard the
thrush's song. When I was born, the entire
house seemed illuminated, and I was fondled like
a golden doll. Limitless was the love my parents had for me.

Since then spring gave birth to countless flowers;
bullbuls enjoyed them madly to their heart's
content; bumble-bees awakened the flowers by
kissing them, and flower-lovers gathered basketfuls of them;
but my own thirsty garden remained full of longings only.

Many a spring came since then; how bloomful were
they! *Bulbuls* and flowers forgot each others'
grievances. Even muddy pads were fiilled with a
cluster of flowers and thorny bushes too were
loaded with them. But what was reduced to a thorn
was my rosy face.

A marriage ceremony anywhere makes my heart
weep and the thwack on the marriage drum strikes
directly against my heart. My inner thoughts carry
me to unknown places and I recollect in detail the
days gone by. The handsome features of my lord
swim before my eyes.

I recollect the night when my hands and feet were
painted with *henna* and how my father
found out the auspicious hour to solemnize my
marriage; I also recollect the gusto which
accompanied the *barat* and the first nuptial night,
laden as it was with flowers. Out of these flowers
appeared the cobra who bit me and disappeared.

Netaras kyuth kam karaan äasus bo säts
Shur bo aäsus bekhabar zan nyendri häts
Maaṅzi nam vuchhy vuchhy gämuts äasus bo mäts
Kyaah khabar äasüm gatshyam yimanüy mye myets
Phwolvunuy maa dooṭhy gatshi gulzaar myon
Pherinaa pöt beyi yiyas naa aar myon

Os väarivi kyaah timan dohnuy mye chaav
Posh zan prath tarphä phöly zan soṅth aav
Hyets yuthuy karnee mye yaavan poshi kraav
Tyuth köṇḍaa akh motunüy seenas mye tsaav
Chhakrithuy tshunnam su vachhakuy haar myon
Pherinaa pöt beyi yiyas naar aar myon

Kas khabar äas azalasuy kyaah os khaash
Kas khabar äas gatshi siras yithä päaṭhy faash
Os bulbul jori kaḍanay pakhan vaash
Nyendri häts aäsus mye phwolnay os gaash
Gaash phwolanay broṅh vuḍyov samsaar myon
Pherinaa pöt beyi yiyas naa aar myon

Tim rangeen kyenh doh chhi kas vwony vaarä yaad
Tim bahaaräny doh thavuny dushwaar yaad
Chum swopun hyoo vwony panun lwokachhaar yaad
Buth ti tas dildaarä sund chhuna vaara yaad
Aavaryeni naar yaad chhum dildaar myon
Pherinaa pöt beyi yiyas naa aar myon

Mood su aki laṭi chhas dohay bo yeti maraan
Träavy träavy vwosh ösh harraan chhas doh barraan
Hartä kartay myaani vyesa södray karaan
Nävy palav prath vähra nävy zevar garaan
Gav samaajas baar yeti näryvaar myon
Kyaah chhunaa vuni yath samaajas aar myon

Aäsy path kun sämith garä aasaan yete
Os myöṇḍaa zuv jaan tsäṭith melaan myete
Os nä kyenh shöglas maṅzüy baasaan myete
Os tithay mushkil gömut aasaan myete
Kas chhu zuv yeturaavi kus az baar myon
Kyaah chunaa vuni yath samaajas aar myon

Ah! What hopes were associated by me with
marriage; in childlike innocence was I, as if
in slumber; maddened was I to see my henna-painted
nails, little knowing that these would soon lose all charm.
I knew not that my blossoming garden
would be destroyed by hail.

How proud I felt those days in may husband's home?
It looked like spring with flowers blooming on all
sides. No sooner did I begin enjoying my
flowery youth than a mortal thorn pierced my heart,
scattering the pearls of the necklace adorning my breast.

Who knew what fate had kept in store for me?
Who knew that my secret would be betrayed in
such a brusque way? We were a couple of
bulbuls and we had yet to stretch our wings. I was
in the slumber of innocence and dawn had yet to
come; but before it was dawn, my world was
reduced to shambles.

Who can recollect those colourful few days accurately?
Difficult is it for me to remember those happy and
joyful days. My childhood I remember as the wrecks
of a dream. I do not recall exactly even the face
of my lord. I only recollect the fires of the crematorium.

He died but once, but here I die a death each day;
I sigh away my days and weep them away.
Glamorous is the life led by my erstwhile companions,
bedecking themselves each year with ornaments and
garments new. But even my cuff-bands are a burden
to our society. Has this society even now no pity for me?

Times were when families were undivided here, and
after hard work I would get a morsel or two. This
engagement would keep me busy and thus my
difficulties were solved to an extent.
But who has the capacity to bear my burden during
these hard times?

Laagahäa vånytom kath kun vwony yi tsyeth
Hyòt gatshun bagavaanasuy subahäay mye nyeth
Kär agar vati käansi bäayis süty mye kath
Chhim anaan yeti tath ti läṭy tay laanj hath
Koot gav zindä rozunuy dushvaar myon
Kyaah chhunaa vuni yath samaajas aar myon

Dimä bo zan asmaananuy khäsy khäsy yedaakh
Zorä zan ami khòtä ti vadä tshaṭä zan boo baakh
Kan thavun me kun samaajas darmä ṭhaakh
Chham mye lowli laläyuny dohay darmäch yi shraakh
Darmä yithi gatshi naa yi dil bezaar myon
Kyaah chhuna vuni yath samaajas aar myon

Kath javäani vuchhtavuy kyaah gom me
Chwokh tä dwokh laläyaan kyaah gudryom me
Be gwonaah chhas vantä kas kyaah khyom me
Shraaki talä haṭdarmache käḍy tom me
Kyaah chhunaa vwony kaaṅh ti beyi gamkhaar myon
Kyaah chhuna vuni yath samaajas aar myon.

Darmache pachi diṭh ächhan kanänuy bihit
Kyenh kuṭhyan mandran tä maṅz vananuy bihit
Darmä kathä vyetshänaan anjumanauy bihit
Jori maaraan kūty gulshananuy bihit
Zan nä zaah vaatee timan taany naar myon
Kyaah chunaa vuni yath samaajas aar myon

Rasam az taany küty tòhy badlaan äav
Konä vanaan yeth daram äasy mashraan äav
Patä sati huṅd rasam kithä phutraan äav
Pòz tòtuth taany koot tòhy khuṭraan äav
Jaan oṣ dazänuy gatshanä khwota khaar myon
Kyaah chhunaa vuni yath samaajas aar myon

Pher vwony hyesä kar mä räsman daram naav
Rozunay zindä chhuy tä haṭhdarmi tsä traav
Yòd yatshaan chhukh taaraniy syòd syòd yi naav
Gaatälyev vòn naav traavuny vuchhith vaav
Phaatavivåh natä naavi ashkuy baar myon
Kyaah chhunaa vuni yeth samaajas aar myon

September 1952,

Now tell me how I shall engage my thoughts.
I began to go to the temple each morning for worship.
If, on the way, I would talk to a fellow worshipper,
people would lose no time to given rise to
scandalous talk. Now imagine how difficult it has
become for me to exist.

Even if I raise my lamentations to the very
heavens, and weep and weep
more vociferously, none would heed me for religion
forbids it. And it is this sword of religion that I have
to fondle day in and day out. Shall not such religion
create disgust in my heart?

Just see what has happened to my blossoming youth
while nursing my wounds and miseries. I am innocent
and I have done harm to none. Save me from the sword
of orthodox religion which is on my throat. Is there
none who can be my real sympathiser?

They have set blinkers of religion on their eyes
and ear. Some in their rooms, some in temples
and some in forests dwell. They convoke assemblies
to expatiate on the niceties of religion and a large
number enjoy themselves in the company of their
spouses. Do they think that my fire shall never
reach their skirts?

How many are the customs which you have changed
upto now? How many things are forgotten now that
were once considered sanctioned by religion? How was the
custom of Sati abolished? But how many cruel deeds
were done by you till then?

Disabuse yourselves now and call not "custom"
by the name of religion; shed this fanaticism if
you have to live in this world; and if you wish
to steer your boat aeross, untroubled, sail with
the wind, that is what the wise have said, Burdened
with my tears your boat shall otherwise sink.

GHAAZAL No. 11

Mubaarak do chhu kar daslaaba saaqi
Vuḍaavaan pakh shworaabe naab saaqi

Yemiy dohu os vuchhumut khaab saaqi
Tu lwobmut azi dure naayaab saaqi

Pather thav baanȧ tul mizraab saaqi
Rabaabe dil me gav betaab shaqi

Bo nagmav zindagiyi hundevi barith chhus
Yiman kaḍnuk tsa kar asbaab saaqi

Yi traav paimaanȧ khȧnḍ ratḥ jami kashmeer
Karun hindostaan seraab saaqi

Natai syod assmaanuk pyalȧ phirtan
Tu bar tȧthy manz shworaabe naab saaqi

Tsalee deyevu aasmaanas kaj adȧayee
Tu traavan kaj adda ahbaab saaqi

Sabur kar yuthnu zan badmast gatshȧ vwony
Masham mwoykhaanukuy aadaab saaqi

Shworaabas maaz syetḥaah madhosh roodus
Me gwotsh az hyes yinuk asbaab saaqi

Yi duniyaah son yus janat nishaan os
Garazmandov banov girdaab saaqi

Ratki sagȧ dyot yi aazȧadee hunduy kul
Ratuk sag dith thavun shaadaab saaqi

Tsu Almastas ti van az traavi mȧstee
Hakeekat yuth ni beyi bani khaab saaqi.

GHAZAL

Today is an auspicious day, O Saqi. Let us make a start and drink pure wine to our fill today.

This day it was that we had dreamt of freedom, and this day it was that we found the peerless pearl, O Saqi!

Put down the goblet and lift the mizrab. My heart is getting impatient; play on the harp O Saqi!

I am replete with the songs of life. Provoke their utterance, O Saqi!

Throw away this puny measure. Lift the beaker of Kashmir and flood the length and breadth of India, O Saqi!

Or else, invert the sky's dome and fill it with pure wine, O Saqi!

It may be the heavens shall no longer be faithless and our "friends" also shall shed crookedness, O, Saqi!

Wait O Saqi ! Let me not be heavily drunk, lest I forget the etiquette of the taveran.

For long I remained stupefied by intoxication. Today, O Saqi, I need something to disabuse me.

This world of ours should have been the very heaven but for the selfish who have turned it into a whirlpool, O Saqi!

We watered the plant of freedom with our blood. Continue the same process O Saqi! It should retain its freshness, bloom and verdure.

Tell Almast also to give up his waywardness lest the reality of freedom fades into a dream, again.

26th January 1960

GAAMĂ SWONDUR

Chhandremúts chhakhay nyendä käry käriye
Shaamă sooräts haye gaamă swondäriye
Rabi vaane gäyi yemú jaṅdä säriye
Shaamă sooräts haye gaamă swondäriye.

Graayi maaraan lyembi mäṅz zan pamposh
Aav nazran húndinúy bómbaran josh
Loosy ath royas gath käry käriye
Shamă sooräts haye gaamă swondäriye.

Kati Kati pyeṭhă swombräavith masssaly
Sworgä atshă ratsanúy húndi khatä khaalay
Kaamă deevan thävnakh gäry gäriye
Shaamä sooräts haye gaamă swondäriye

Chhuy yohay khaah ḍuniyaah ta dilbar chon
Chhay yehay myets daulath ta zevar chon
Chhay tavay nari zangă rabi bäry bäriye
Shamă sooräts haye gaamă swondäriye.

Yim daag yeti zoon ti chhi lalanaavaan
Guli laală ti naal tsäṭy tsäṭy chhi haavaan
Tse ti rabi chhikă chooni zan järy järiye
Shaamă sooräts haye gaamă swondäriye

Doori khaahă maṅză chaani gyevunúch aavaaz
Súty didaryan ta nyenimwond jan hund saaz
Sanvúny chhi kană kiny jodoogäriye
Shaamă sooräts haye gaamă swondäriye

Rasyli haṭi bolaan rangă tsäar zan
Bwon namythúy chhakhay gwolaab thär zan
Bäath chi pyevaan posh zan häry häriye
Shaamă sooräts haye gaamă swondäriye

Maṭi ryetakaali beyi kaṭhkäsh vandasúy
Chuy tse rozun maṅz kunisúy jandasúy
Goye taaf tay beyi túr täry täriye
Shaamă sooräts haye gaamă swondäriye.

A VILLAGE BELLE

O village Belle ! You are exhausted by
constant tending to the paddy plants;
Drenched in muddy waters are your rags.

Waving are you like a lotus lodged in mud, and
tempted glances, like butterflies, have wearied
themselves dancing around you, O Village belle!

Where from has Cupid collected all this material
to shape and chisel your features like those
of the Apsaras of Heaven, O Village belle?

This very field is your love and the whole world of
yours; and this clay and mud are your wealth
and ornaments. That is why, O village belle, your
limbs are daubed with mud.

Moon also nurses such spots and the
poppies burst their apparel to exhibit theirs.
O Village bell! You are also studded with
beads of mud.

Heard by us from afar, enriched as it is
by the music of the skylarks and the
croaking of frogs, your song descends into
our hearts to work its charm there.

Singing sweetly like a nightingale, you
look like a rose-bough when you are bent,
and your songs fall like rose petals.

Be it freezing cold or heat scorching, the only
apparel you have is your sole rag. Heat and cold
alike pierce through your body, O village belle!

Trukinůy hůndy garǎ batǎ sůty bǎry bǎry
Thǎavith tse myetsi lǎlǎ khǒl kǎry kǎry
Chhiye paanas batǎ daadi kǎany tshǎriye
Shaamǎ soorǎts haye gaamǎ swondǎriye.

Phaakǎ phari yimǎ nari koot yetraavan
Aalatsyen yimǎ koot kaal pyetraavan
Paanǎ batǎ daadi pemůtsǎ hǎry hǎrryẹ
Shaamǎ soorǎts haye gaamǎ swondǎriye

Beri pyeṭh chhui dwodǎ daadi phyaangaan laal
Brǎtshǎ novthan gwoḍǎ kartǎ ǎmysund khayaal
Kehe dil ti tshetǎ gǒy dwokh zǎry zǎriye
Shaamǎ soorǎts haye gaamǎ swondǎriye

Ryetakaale khahunůy manz goy yi haal
Chhiy lagaan baalan kun vandasůy laal
Maramǎty suṅd amaar zǎry zǎriye
Shaamǎ soorǎts haye gaamǎ swondǎriye

Rav chhu bǒḍ fǎaz divaan chhuy janhaanas
Ǎmy ti shaamǎ rang kwornay tse hiyi paanas
Van ta vwony yeti kus kari yaavǎriye
Shaamǎ soorǎts haye gaamǎ swondǎriye

Kneading the mud and clay with the water of
your labour, you fill the barns of the
unscrupulous clever. And you? Reduced to a
skeleton by hunger and want.

How long can your famished arms work and feed the
slothful parasites, when yourself you are hungry
and in dire want?

Your darling child is crying for your breast
there and you have neglected him to make him
fret and fume. Has suffering dried up all love
in your heart?

Such is your plight in the fild in summers, and winters
you pass looking towards the mountains,
nursing pangs of separation ftom your lord, and
awaiting his return.

Sun is universally beneficient to mankind, but
by tanning your fair skin, it too has
turned hostile to you. From whom can you expect
sympathy and understanding, O Village belle?

January, 1952.

GHAZAL No. 12

Noorihak yeksaan insaanas ta insaanas andar
Rav chhu kunuy aks byȯn byȯn chhee pyevaan baanas andar

Däaro harmüch phark kyah ani phark parvaanas andar
Shama dazuvan aasi kaäbas yaaki butkhaanas andar

Yus chhu laamahdood rozya band astaanas andar
Chhaa Khwodaa mahdood kyeṅh kaäbas ta butkhaanas andar

Drenṭh yiyi mahdood nazrav süty laamahdood kyaah
Däaro Harmüky ṭhäry tulith vuchh ner mäadaanas andar

Door anigaṭa karnükuy yeli vasf bakhshus kwȯdratan
Chhuy kadar hyoo shamahas kaäbas to butkhaanas andar

Däaro harmüky thekadar tafreek tulnas pyeṭh bazid
Hay atsun tafreeka rȯs behtar chhu mwoykhaanas andar.

Husn aasi rahnumaa yes äshk yemsund aasi deen
Chhaa vuchan tim deeno darmüch phark jaanaanas andar

Rang vo naslach phark chay rasmee banee aadam chhu kun
Väsy pyevaan yim rasam chhiy khofas ta toofaanas andar

Jantä nish kam os kyah Almastä natä dunyah son
Rozi yȯd insäaniyat moojood insaanas andar.

GHAZAL

The light of truth illmunes the heart of all human beings alike. The sun is one but it casts different reflections in different pots.

The moth does not differentiate between a temple and a mosque. Its object of love is the burning candle, be it here or there.

The infinite cannot be locked in a particular shrine. Is God confined to the limits of a mosque or a temple?

How shall our limited vision behold the Infinite? Let us remove the discriminatory blinkers of temple and mosque and come out in the open.

God gave it the property of turning darkness into light; that is why the candle is valued equally in mosques and temples.

The partisans of temple and mosque are bent upon creating factions. Better is it for us to enter the tavern, unmindful of all this pother.

Those whose guide is Beauty and faith is Love do not perceive any difference of caste and creed in their beloveds.

There is no difference between man and man, the distinctions of colour or creed are merely customary. These fall to pieces in the face of dangers and storms.

If humanity would sway the hearts of men, O Almast, would not this world of ours be the very heaven?

—August 1967.

KUDY VANAAN SIPAAHAS KUN

Zòruratávuy tswapaáry laarvum gyoor
Tavay gos tsoor karnas pyetḥ bo majboor
Gayam yeli zindagee bekeafo benoor
Tavay gos tsoor karnas pyetḥ bo majboor

Myete osum yezath pananuy syetḥaah ṭotḥ
Magar myulvum gareebeiá tyuth gaṭaaṭotḥ
Tsòlum gáarath tá khwod daáree gayam door
Tavay gos tsoor karnas pyetḥ bo majboor

Turkyev kháary gará panany buthy dith gareeban
Tulaan yim sabaz baag häavith gareeban
Yihandy yim áashy kitha gatshaban mye manzoor
Tavay gos tsoor karnas pyetḥ bo majboor

Ameeran ḍolavani nyamats chhi deshaan
Zuvalmaal myáany batá phalinuy chhi kreshaan
Mye dop beparda maa gatshi vwony sa mastoor
Tavay gos tsoor karnas pyetḥ bo majoor

Tsá nafrats suty ma bakhtaavaará vuchh me
Tsá thav tḥanḍa káaḍy pata ada vaara vuchh me
Tsá vuchh kormut mye naadáaree chhu twokasoor
Tavay gos tsoor karnas pyhtḥ bo majboor

Khyeyam garavetḥ me nani vaaná kány kány
Tshánym me tsaari pyetḥá kiy baaná kány kány
Su kyaah vuchhi he beyis yas phòr ándáry tsoor
Tavay gos tsoor karnas pyetḥ bo majboor.

Mye kuni meejim ná draaye yos mòzoore
Mye kus diyihe mye byoochhum tsoori tsoore
Zameen yeli tang gayam gom aasmaan door
Tavay go tsoor karnas pyetḥ bo majboor

Ameer lachha bady chhi kharchaan honinuy path
Mangyekh insaan yòd laayaan chhi tas lath
Tithiy gáamuty chhi yim badmast ta magroor
Tavay gos tsoor karnas pyetḥ bo majboor

A PRISONER'S PLEA TO THE GUARD

When I was oppressed by want from all sides,
I was compelled to become a thief.
When my life was benighted and joyless,
I was compelled to become a thief.

I too loved my prestige dearly
But poverty dragged me to darkness;
Courage and self-respect fled me,
And I was compelled to steal.

Using the poor as cannon-fodder
And dangling distant gains before them,
Clever people filled their own coffers.
How long could I suffer to see them in comforts and luxuries?

Many a delicacy we see on the tables of the rich,
But my beautiful spouse would pine for a mouthful;
Lest she be tempted to turn into a street-walker,
I was complled to steal.

O lucky one ! Look not at me with hatred ;
Keep your head cool and look carefully at me,
Look how want and poverty have pulverized me.

Openly I sold my household goods,
Including the utensils decorating my hearth,
What cares he for others who has thus
Been thieved in his own home ?

I went in search of work, got none.
Who would engage me ? I started begging stealthily
When sky became distant for me, and earth cramped.
That is why I was compelled to steal.

The rich spend millions on their dogs,
But they kick the one who is in want;
So intoxicated are the wealthy proud.
And I was compelled to steal.

Bwochhe hativuy shuryev tulham tufar me
Gatshith lotpäathy akidohä on zahar me
Mye anigoṭ gom naṭh tsaayam tä aam gyoor
Tavay gos tsoor karnas pyetḥ bo majboor

Zahar khyeth paan yeti maarun ti jurmäy
Gareeban kyuth chhu zinda rozun ti jurmäy
Chhikh äsy khändmats kiti zindä thawuny manzoor
Tavay gos tsoor karnas pyetḥ bo mjboor

Karith yus hamla kari taaraaj mulkan
Banith faatyeh karaan pata raaj mulkan
Mye niyi tsaadar akis bwochhi daadi gos tsoor
Sipah yaaro yi dunyahuk chhu dostoor

(2)

Sipaah yaaro karum rahmach nazar me
Sipaah yaaro garich antam khabar me
Shuryen gudryom kyaah chhum bȯḍ yi shar me
Sipaah yaaro garich antam khabar me

Vuchhaan maa chaanṭinuy tim lookä huṅdinuy
Dakan maa lägymutiy yim lookä huṅdinuy
Bo kyaah khyemä yeti chhi yim batäphäly zahar me
Sipaah yaaro garich antam khabar me

Tim maa ḍolaan barantal lookä haṅdinuy
Gamuty maa tim laten tal lookä haṅdinuy
Tim maa pheraan aasaan darbadar me
Sipaah yaaro garich antam khabar me

Karaan kyaah aasi kama khonji myäany masval
Karam maa käansi lata mwonji myäany masval
Chhu kyaah yeth zinda gäaniyi vwony hasar me
Sipaah yaaro garich antam khabor me

Swo yeḍ huṅdy jahnaman bepardä maa kär
Swo myaane naaba käariyih sard maa kär
Phuṭum maa vaarä az phuṭmut kambar me
Sipaah yaaro garich antam khabar me.

My hungry children harassed me much;
Quietly I went one day and bought poison.
Darkness enveloped me, I trembl ed, I fainted;
Then I was compelled to steal.

Suicide too is a crime here,
For the poor, to exist is also a crime.
We are allowed to live only to serve the rich;
So I was compelled to steal.

He who is an aggressor and causes destruction,
Is called a conqueror and rules different lands;
Being hungry, I stole a blanket and was called a thief.
O guard, my friend; This is the way of the world.

(2)

O my friend, the guard, have pity on me,
Bring me some news from my home.
What happened to my children? I long to know.
Pleare bring me some news from my home.

Aren't they casting yearning looks on the mouths of others?
Aren't they driven from pillar to post?
Food for me here is poison, how can I eat it?
Bring me some news from my home.

Aren't they languishing at the doors of others?
Aren't they being trodden underfoot?
Aren't they loafing and Vagabonding?
Bring me some news from my home.

Isn't my white rose suffering in silence?
Hasn't she become an object of others' lust?
What use is this life to me now?
Bring me some news from my home.

Hasn't hunger forced her to sacrifice her chastity?
Hasn't my worthlessness made her cold?
Broken already is my back, but is it
that something worse is to come?
O my friend, guard, please bring me some news from my home.

July 1953.

DIL

Swondri aki achhavy kinyeth kyaa chov dil
Nyendri hȯt myon kấmy sanaa vuzanov dil
Andary andree haartas manz rov dil
Nyendri hȯt myon kamy sanaa vuzänov dil

Husnä kis baagas aṅdar tambalyov dil
Patȧ lȯbum no poshanuy maṅz rov dil
Hardȧ gom nazre kanḍyan laaryov dil
Nyendri hȯt myon kȧmy sanaa vuzanov dil

Husnȧ kahvachi pyetḥ abas parkhov dil
Sangdilan karihe asar kyaah lov dil
Gav saray kaninäy ȯtnany asi chhov dil
Nyendri hȯt myon kȧmy sanaa vuzanov dil

Myul gatshaan ȧkysuy pyevaan akh door yete
Raavȧraan akh akh labaan dastoor yete
Soofiyav lȯb aashakav nyuvnov dil
Nyendri hȯt myon kamy sanaa vuzunov dil

Marganuy beyi path vanan koh saȧrnuy
Aarah palnuy kwolabachhan sabzaarnuy
Vatȧ padyan pyetḥ tamysundyan vathrov dil
Nyendri hȯt myon kamy sanaa vuznov dil

Nazri aki tshun seenukuy panjray tsatith
Vati pyetḥiy ȧmy shaahi husnan koḍ raṭith
Khaṭith azlan panunkiny thaavyov dil
Nyendri hȯt myon kȧmy sanaa vuznov dil

Os ham hastee vanith kam dam divaan
Phikri maa ȧasis phalakh taanyet yivaan
Husnȧche aki nazri bas arpov dil
Nyendri hȯt myon kȧmy sanaa vuznow dil.

Sangdilan kun phirith bechhaayov thar
Tsrang dȧny almastanuy kȧatyaah magar
Rango mushkuky dokhannuy bramrov dil
Nyendri hȯt myon kȧmy sanaȧ vuznov dil.

THE HEART

What drink was offered to my heart by a bewitching beauty
through her eyes?
Who was it who awakened my heart from a deep slumber?
In the heart of hearts I was lost in bewilderment.

Tempted was my heart in the garden of beauty,
And it was lost in flowers beyond my reach;
In autumn I saw it again, entangled in thorns.

In vain I tested my heart on the touchstone of beauty;
What had a delicate heart to do with stone-hearted?
It was established that so long my heart was up against stones.

Some are blessed with sweet union, others suffer pangs of
separation;
One loses and the other finds, this is the world's way;
Mystics found their hearts here, lovers gave their's away.

I cast my heart on all her paths,
On pastures and meadows, hills and dales,
On boulders, amidst cataracts, on river banks;
By whom was my slumbering heart set awake?

A single glance rifled the cage of my breast
And the queen of beauty laid the heart bare,
Eventhough Nature had concealed it within.

My heart boasted of its invulnerability,
Being carefree, it challenged even the skies;
But it was laid low by Beauty's single glance.

Almast had turned his back on the stone-hearted ones;
He had tried his best to keep aloof;
But the deception of colour and fragrance cast an illusion on
his heart.

January 1953.

HYENRUK POOSH

Doh chon loosuy goh sáary sáaree
Swondar máaly becáariye
Koh zan pyeṭhá pyey nafsúny báaree
Swondar máaly becháariye.

Nastan thóp dith door tsály sáaree
Draayakh tsá yemi baazáariye
Vantá vwony kus kari cháany gamkháaree
Swondar máaly becháariye.

Gandagiyi manz phätmúts gáry báaree
Gandagiyi tan dáary dáariye
Mulkas kaasaan chhakh tsá bemáaree
Swondar máaly bechátiye

Rwopayi chhay ardaah nini maahváree
Táthy pyeṭh cháany khaná dáariye
Ath ti pátá beyi jamaadaar chhiy laáree
Swonder máaly becháariye.

Shury cháany nyethanúny ta beyi nanaváaree
Bwochhi súty chhikh áshy ṭáriye
Kwochhi tulahakh yim kiná malá bäaree
Swondar mâaly becháariye

Yuthná insaan maazúky baapáaree
Zaalá laagánay vanháariye
Maazas cháanis lagi kháreedáaree
Swondar máaly becháariye.

Hyenras poshaa khor samsáaree
Ras chyeni aay làary láariye
Kalá bombar soodkhaar tswopáree
Swonder máaly becháariye.

Gamá súty damphúṭy kas kari záaree
Maṭi chhis mal ambáariye
Gyevi kyaah vadnas ti chhas na kuni váaree
Swondar máaly becháriye.

FLOWER OF THE GUTTER

O poor helpless damsel ! Your days have ended in collecting dirt and muck. Like a mountain fallen upon you is the burden of your life; O poor helpless damsel !

Plugging their nostrils the people keep away from your path;
Now who can be your sympathiser? O poor helpless damsel !

You drown yourself and your home in muck and dirt,
but you free the country from disease,
O poor helpless damsel !

Eighteen rupees you get as your monthly wages,
and on this pittance your entire family subsists.
And then you have to please the supervisor also.

Barefoot and naked are your children,
hunger flooding their eyes with tears,
Will you fondle them in your lap or carry muck,
O, poor helpless damsel !

Beware, O beautiful Myna, of the traffickers in human flesh,
lest they catch you in their trap; your flesh shall then be sold
in the open market, O helpless damsel !

Time made a flower grow in a gutter, and hastening
came the dragon bees, the money lenders,
to suck its juice, O helpless damsel !

Dumb and suffocated with sorrows, to whom shall she
disclose her anxieties ? Being burdened with a load of dirt,
she has no time even to weep, leave alone singing.

Anigȯṭ anigȯṭ kuni kiny na gaashaa
Aashe rostúy zan laashaa
Kath kari Almast nakshonigáaree
Swondar máaly becháariye.

Dakness, stark darkness, everywhere;
No ray of light found anywhere ;
Only a corpse uninhabited by hope;
O helpless damsel ! There is nothing for Almast to paint.

May 1953.

GHAZAL No. 13

Khyal bo sädruk zal phakat saamaanȧ myon
Vaav kithȧ ȧdraavi zaah daamaanȧ myon

Myon khumkhaanay diluk vȧaraanȧ myon
Chhim panäny äsh ṭȧary me paymaanȧ myon

Khäṭy naban taarakh ti az vwony ȯbrȧ sủty
Phaänphalaan os toti dil dewaanȧ myon

Baṭhi rosuy sȧdraah tufaanaa anigoṭaah
Naavi choṅchaa be sarosaamaanȧ myon

Husnȧ mai chovum dohay chyeshmav dwoyev
Toti rood tashnay diluk mastaanȧ myon

Haar chyeshman manz rȯchhum thavihe kȯbool
Kyenh ashiky durdaanȧ chhis näzraanȧ myon

Áy Janoon farmaav kyenh vwony kȯt niham
Rood kyaah yeli dil ti gav begaanȧ myon

Nangä gayi kalvaalȧ sủnz dyaanat magar
Koot natȧ yėtraavihe kam baanȧ myon

Rango boyas lor kyaah Almast os
Vȯn gulav saathaa äsith afsaanȧ myon.

GHAZAL

I am the lotus leaf in the lake, and water is my only possession;
How can winds ever drench my skirt then ?

My desolate heart is my wine-celler,
And my tearful eyes are the only measure I have.

The heavens have clouded even stars today.
I could at least regale my mad heart.

An endless ocean, a heavy storm and darkness everywhere;
Just an ill-equipped raft is the only solace I have.

Daily my two eyes made it drink the beauty's wine,
And yet my mad heart remained thirsty.

I sustained the necklace in my eyes; would she accept it;
Some pearls of my tears are my only offerings.

O madness of Love ! Tell me, where shall you take me now ?
What hope is there for me, when my heart is also hostile?

At last the dubious faith of the Saqi was exposed,
Little could my small measure hold, otherwise.

Attached to fragrance and colours was Almast;
Laughing a while, his tale was told by the flowers.

June, 1962.

KASHMIR NUNDABON

Butäräats pyeth chhu rambavon Kyaah aashyaanä sonuy
Kashmir nundäbonuy janat nishaan sonuy
Pananyev athav chhu azlan paanas kyuthuy banovmut
Heemaalä baal ändy ändy devaar ath chhu thovmut
Patä paanä bihith ath manz panänuy jahaar hovmut
Poshan hunduy sajovmat chhun gulsitan sonuy
Kashmir nundä bonüy Janat nishaan sonuy.

Khwosh sooratsuy panäni pyeth yeli zan chhu paanä kreshaan
Daläkis tä vwolärakis aänas manz chhu chaal deshaan
Tami vakhtä vuchhin laayak aasaan chhä ämysunzay shaan
Yeli vwoläsanas chhu yeewan yeti baagvaan sonuy
Kashmir nundä bonuy janat nishaan sonuy.

Aki vakhtä os satisar tamipatä banyov kashap-mar
Kyenh kaal pyaalä chey chey gayi küty ryesh munavar
Vunykyen ti kani phalyev talä neraan chhu aabi kosar
Chhiväraan chhu prath akis yeti kalavaal vaan sonuy
Kashmir nundä bonuy janat nishaan sonuy.

Aki vakhtä älymuadbuky gahvaarä äasy yim baal
Khaamosh kyazi chhivah äy harmwokh tä peerpantsaal
Kentshah väniv tyuthuy yuth beyi yiyi Käsheeri yekbaal
Beyi alim parni yuth yiyi soruy jahaan sonuy
Kashmir nundä bonuy janat nishaan sonuy

Ay aasmaan tse vuchhmuts chhay präany shaan säanee
Roshan chhu prath äkis pyeth kya väni zabaan saänee
Präanee chhi daastaanan manz daastaan säanee
Pronuy chhu kaarvaanav manz kaarvaan sonuy
Kashmir nundä bonuy janat nishaan sonuy.

Äsy roodimuty phyekis pyeth hyeth yeti kafan panonuy
Sagänovmut chhu ratäsüty az taany chaman panonuy
Aazaad shaad yetiyor roozin vatan panonuy
Kadman chhu fel amisundinuy jismojaan sonuy
Kashmir nundä bonuy janat nishaan sonuy

Ywosä yekhtiyaar asi kar chhana kenh yi näv vathaah az
Ilhaak hindsuy süty chhana kenh yi näv kathaah az
Asi aadänai amich sath chhana kenh yi näv sathaah az
Hindustaanäkiy äsy hindostaan sonuy
Kasmir Nundä bonuy janat nishaan sonuy.

BEAUTIFUL KASHMIR

How beautiful is this abode of ours on this
earth, our Kashmir, the rival of Paradise !
With His own hands has the Great Creator
made it for His own sake. Walled by the
Himalayas, He set Himself in it to display His glory !

Unbounded is her joy when she sees the
reflection of her beauty in the Dal and Wullar
and right glorious to behold is her ecstatic dance.

Once the Satisar, it became the abode of
Kashyap, and many saints and savants
drank deep of the nectar of spiritual
wisdom here. Even now nectarlike water
spouts forth from underneath the small
stones and all are intoxicated in this tavern.

Cradles of literature and knowledge were
once these mountains. Shed your silence,
O Harmukh and Pir Panchal, and utter
truths to revive the past glory of this land
where people from all over would come to receive knowledge.

O Heavens ! Need we reiterate the aspects
of our ancient glory which is apparent
to all and was witnessed by you ?
Ancient is our history and leading is
the caravan of our culture.

With shrouds on our shoulders, we
watered our land with blood. Let it
remain happy and free and let
our bodies be sacrificed for it.

The path we have chosen is not a new one.
Our association with India and our trust
in her is nothing new. We are Indians
and India is ours.

March 1951.

LAL DYED

Aav zan kwongȧ poshavuy pyetḥa vaav az
Mushk yemikuy zan dyemaagas tsaav az
Vȧansi hunduy loob tamȧnaa draav az
Naav kȧmy sund asi zabȧany pyetḥ aav az

Lal swoyamy ȧsy gyaanake prakaashi bȧry
Lal swoyamy dil sȧany yoogȧke gaashi bȧry.

Hov yemy vaayaan chhi kithȧ kȧny saazi dil
Bronthḁ kani yemi khoolithuy thȯv raazi dil
Arshi khwota thȯd khȯt yemis parvaazi dil
Dunyahas yemi vaatanȧav aavaazi dil

Shȧayiree beyi yoogȧchiy chhay arsh lal
Shȧayi ran tay yoogiyan aadarsh Lal.

Lal swoyamy zan dyut sabak milatsara kuy
Saani vati yemy gaash trov bȧay chaarakuy
Lal swoyamy zan kos gȯṭ dwognyaarkuy
Saaph pȧaṭhy yemy raaz bov samsaarakuy

Badgumaanan tȧmy dȯpuy bagvaan chhu kun
Dwosa loohrȧavith tshaniv insaan chhu kun

LAL DYED

Winds are blowing today from the saffron fields,
Their fragrance entering our nostrils and hearts ;
Age-long sweet yearnings are satisfied today.
Whose is the name that we remember today ?
    Of Lal, who filled us with the light of knowledge,
    Who filled our hearts with the light of Yoga.

She showed us how to play on the heart's harp,
She revealed before us its hidden secrets ;
Thc flight of her heart transcended the heavens
And the voice of her heart reached the entire world ;
    Highest pinnacle of Yoga and poetry is Lal,
    An ideal for Yogis and poets is she.

Lal taught us the lessons of co-existence and love ;
With the light of cooperation she illumined our path ;
Darkness of duality was dispersed by her ;
And Nature's secrets were clearly revealed.
    To murky-minded she said, "God is one
    Demolish duality's wall, universal is Man".

October 1956

GHAZAL No. 14

Bo tsey kun vuchhvuchhiy toshan
Tavay chhaa bäaly roshäanee
Bo maa chhus manz hyesan hoshan
Tavay chhaa bäaly roshäanee.

Mye vȯn husnan karim kam tshal
Tse dȯptham ȧshk chhuy paagal
Mye dȯpmay huan chhunȧ poshan
Tavay chhaa bäaly roshäanee

Mye vȯn rotmay mye chon daaman
Dȯputh kändy chhim tsaṭaan jaaman
Moe dȯp aasaan chhi kändy poshan
Tavay chhaa bäaly roshäanee.

Mye aayov etibaaruy hyoo
Mye zaanyov paananyaaruy hyoo
Mye kormay haali díl goshan
Tavay chha bäaly roshäanee.

Bo chhus akh lolakuy bemaar
Manjov may sharbate deedaar
Davaah mȯng husnä mainoshan
Tavay chhaa bäaly roshäanee.

GHAZAL

Looking at you, I feel exhilirated ;
Should you, therefore, be angry with me ?
You know I am not in possession of my senses,
Should you, therefore, be angry with me ?

I said, "Beauty played tricks with me".
You said, "Love is but madness".
I said, "Beauty is transient".
Should you, therefore, be angry with me ?

I said, "I have caught hold of your skirt (in supplication)"
And you said, "Thorns tear my garments".
I said, "Thorns co-exist with flowers".
Should you, therefore, be angry with me ?

Somehow, I felt like confiding in you,
Thinking that you are my own ;
And then I narrated the story of my love.
Should you, therefore, be angry with me ?

I am sick—but only with love,
And asked for the medicine of your kind looks ;
If the love-sick ask for a potion,
Should you, therefore, be angry ?

March, 1966.

RANGÅRY KWOND

Bahaaraki aki shabuk os patim pahraa
Tswodaahim zooni hunduy os zähraa

Nyendåri manz os duniyaah mastu madhosh
Shwongith zan vaav taamath os khaamosh

Rahim Juva ne gare dits kwokranuy baang
Achannak Rama Juvane gaavi dits ṭaang

Tiboozith yaar gai bedaar dwonavay
Panani jaaye sapady tayaar dwonåvey

Nyebar draav Rama Rahymas kornå aalav
Vasiv vwony tser gav he Rahim laalav

Davaan doraen gay tim nanå våaree
Karaan aåsy saahibas kun ändåry zåaree

Dilas manz os akysuy shaahi sultaan
Beyis osuy åndåry deevee hunduy dyaan

Yim åasee yaar beavlaad dwonavay
Tavay kiny äasy yim naashaad dwonvay

Boḍemuty athy gamas manz åasy dwonvay
Khabar katsi vuhury gokh az bakhshituy day

Kanan aki vaanå pyenji pyetḥå shury vodun gokh
Tavay kiny dwoshvunuy khwor mooranuy pyokh

Zachan valithuy vuchhikh ati bachi joraah
Khasith akh akis khwota zan aaftaabaah

Yiman dwoshvuny åndåry kiny os yee khaash
Timan aav dwoshvunuy zan chyeshmanúy gaash

Timan osuy åndåry dwoshvuny yohay zwon
Båråkh yekhbaar dwoshvuny saahiban khwon

Khwonyan kyeth raṭith khwosh khwosh aay dwonavay
Maryen manz panänyenuy tim tsaay dwọnåvay

THE DYER'S VAT

Late hour of a spring night it was :
Perhaps it was the night of the full moon.

The world was in the grip of a deep slumber ;
Even the winds seemed to sleep in silence.

The cock crew in Rahim's house,
Simultaneously the cow of Rama began to low.

The two friends heard and woke up,
And both prepared themselves for the chores of the day.

Ram came out and called to Rahim,
"Come down, my friend ; it is getting late."

Barefoot they ran
Praying silently to God.

Allah's thought dwelt in the heart of one,
And the other meditated on Mother Divine.

Both the friends were tormented by sorrow ;
Because both of them were issueless.

Drowned in this sorrow both of them had aged ;
After many a year God's grace fell on them.

They heard the cries of infants crying from a shop-front,
And both of them therefore had to slow down.

Wrapped in rags, a pair of infants they saw,
Bright like the sun—each more beautiful than the other.

Each of the friends had a yearning for a child,
And each of them felt a new lustre in his eyes.

Both of them had the same desire,
And God filled their laps simultaneously.

Happy, and carrying the infants in their laps,
Both returned and entered their huts

Timan dwonvůny garan phȯl noor yekbaar
Ta anigoṭ dwonávuniy tsȯl door yekbaar

Baḍey dwodá khanḍá dwonvay khaanámáalee
Rangan yemi duniyahaky pȯz hoshi ḍáalee

Tamiy ranga gav su yeth kwonda suy andar pyev
Akhaa gav masjide akh mandras gav

Yi záanith páda káry ásy áky khwodaayan
Magar beeṭhy thaph karith mukhtaliph jaayan

Banyov akh bȯḍ gatshith islaamakuy tham
Baḍith pyev beyis hindoo darmakuy gam

Panun rang dwonvaniy baasyov afzal
Timan baasyov beyisund swon ti sartal

Dapav mazhab tamyuk osukh na kyenh hosh
Phakat osukh ragan manz mazhabukh josh

Mothukh bilkul sáthär berang maa os
Mothukh berangásuy aav rangá kuy kos

Mashith gokh asi ragan manz chhuy kuniy rath
Mashith gokh asi marith maa chhai kuniy vath

Mashith gokh äsy chhi maa insaan dwonvay
Banáavee byon rangan hayvvan dwonvay

Vuchhaan áasy akh akis kun dolá dolay
Vanaan kuny akh akis kun volä dolay

Panůny rańganůy nazar teetsaah kárákh tang
Lägee sońchini khatam gȯtsh gatshun badrang

Vadaan insáaniyath ath bekalee pyeṭh
Däyaan Almast yitshi ath zindagiyi pyeṭh.

Light burst in the homes of both
And darkness was dispelled all at once.

Reaced in honey and butter, the children grew up ;
But the ways of the world turned their heads.

Each absorbed the hue of the vat in which he fell ;
One to the mosque and the other to the temple went.

Knowing that one God had created them,
They stuck to two different faiths.

One grew up and became a pillar of Islam,
The other wished well of Hinduism.

Each thought his faith superior to that of the other,
And each thought the other's gold as mere brass.

Religion ? They understood it not at all ;
Mere fanaticism coursed through their veins.

They forgot that cotton original was colourless,
And dyeing it caused the loss of its purity.

They forgot that one and the same blood was in their veins,
And from here both would go to the same hereafter.

They forgot that both were beings human ;
Two different colours turned them into beasts.

Each looked askance at the other,
And each lost the frankness of utterance.

The vision of each was warped by his own colour,
And each thought of eliminating the other.

Humanity sheds tears on such stupdity,
And Almast sorrows over a life like this.

November 1959.

GHAZAL No. 15

Nazravůy mȧnzy sooz tȧmy pȧagaam me
Boli rȯstuy gav dilas leelaam me

Zwon kasund taam aam zan ilhaȧm me
Vwony chhu rashke subah gamkuy shaam me

Lol chhum aagȧaz tay anjaam me
Gȧaphilo chham kraam chhanȧ kyeṅh paam me

Mast chyeshmav chomutuy tyuth jaam me
Vumbri pyeṭh kȧafi chhu suy akh shaam me

Kun vyendum yeli kufur tȧay islaam me
Manzile maksood labnay aam me

Husȧn yemy tshoṅḍuy ȧndȧry soofee banyov
Tshoṅḍ suy nyebree ta khȯt ilzaam me

Swoy karaan aȧsȧm havaȧ daamaana sůty
Gos beyi behosh hyes yeli aam me

Roov aaraamas pathuy aaraami dil
Lȯb mashakatasuy aṅdar aaraam me

Dil chhu paavaan yaad beyi suy kooyi naaz
Beyi karyam rusvaa khayaale khaam me

Ȧshk chonuy thȯv khȧṭith vȧalinji maṅz
Husn chonuy kȯr mye tasht az baam me

Naav patshihȧnz lolȧ kis sȧdras andar
Trȧav yeli buthi paanȧ sȧahil aam me

Vulṭȧ vaktas maṅz hyanay Almast aav
Haay vuchh kath swonȧ kalas gav traam me

GHAZAL

A message she sent to me through her glances,
And without a bid my heart was auctioned away.

I remembered someone and it gave me inspiration divine
Turning my night of sorrow into an exuberant morn of joy.

Love is, for me, the beginning and end of all things.
O heedless one ! This is my motto, not something unworthy :

Ecstatic eyes made me drink that cup of wine
Which shall last for me till eternity.

When faith and infidelism appeared alike to me,
Facile was for me to reach the goal.

Inward search for Beauty made one a sufi ;
I sought it in outward things and they hold me guilty.

When with her skirit she fanned me,
Consciousness regained by me was lost again.

Searching for peace, I lost my peace of mind ;
But true peace I found in hard toil alone.

My heart again recollects the lane of the beloved ;
This sad mistake shall again make me an object of ridicule.

Love for you I kept concealed in my heart;
But your beauty I exposed thoroughly to the world.

When the boat of confidence was
launched by me in the ocean of Love,
What greeted me was the shore itself.

Almast, you are caught in the meshes of bad times !
Look, your golden head has turned into copper.

July 1974.

LÅANKI PYETH

Baraan chhas chaani yinåkuy chaav yizihe
Bo praaraan läanki pyeṭh hyeth naav yizihe

Mye gomo loosithůy doh präary präaree
Läjee vwony räats hunzi yinå chiy tayåaree
Thåkith vwony rav ti säjydas tsaav yizihe
Bo praaraan låanki pyeṭh hyeth naav yizi he

Nabachi hoore väjee swonhäary vuḍinyaah
Ḍalan väjy aksåchiy zartåary vuḍinyaah
Vwolo vůnkyan tså yim rang chhaav yizi he
Bo praaraan låanki pyeṭh hyeth naav yizihe

Karun pazi såal yithi rångeen vaktaay
Barun pazi lol yithi haseen vaktaay
Vwolo be aarå mo thav graav yizihe
Bo praaraan läanki pyeṭh hyeth naav yizihe

Rȯṭuy zan naalåmati doh raäts vůnkyan
Mulaakaatåch yiman gär vǎats vůnkyan
Vwolo tså ti vwony mye mo ambanaav yizi he
Bo praaraan låanki pyeṭh hyeth naav yizi he

Vuḍith myåane buthikhy påathy gav nabas rang
Loguy zaa gaṭi to gaashas paanavåany jang
Mye gaṭi gaashuk yi tanz ånzaraav yizihe
Bo praaraan läanki pyeṭh hyeth naav yizi he

Kulyev pyeṭhå soz kȯr dachhiponpurav band
Shwongiy gul bulbulav kår panůny zyev band
Vwony pheerith aay aalyan kaav yizi he
Bo praaraan låanki pyeṭh hyeth naav yizi he

Ḍalas manz taarakan hund asks tezyov
Su napå napå karåvunuy vwony raks band gav
Ta aav påanis andar ṭhahraav yizihe
Bo praaraan låanki pyeṭh hyeth naav yizi he

ON THE GOLDEN ISLAND

In prideful expectation am I waiting on the Golden
Island, with a boat for you. I am collecting select lotuses
for you; do come.

My day passed in waiting for you; now the night
is about to fall; the weary sun is also
bowing in prayer. Do come now; I am waiting
here with a boat for you.

That houri, the sky, has draped itself in gold, and interlaced
with golden thread is the scarf covering the Dal lake.
Come and feast your eyes on this colourful scene.
I am waiting here with a boat.

It is the most colourful time for a boat ride.
and the best time for making love.
O cruel one ! Leave no time for later
regrets. Do come now, I am waiting with a boat.

The night appears to have clasped the day
in its embrace; the time for their union
has come. Do not tantalize me any more. Come-
I am here waiting for you with a boat.

Like that of my face, the colour of the sky
has vanished, as if light and darkness are at
war with each other, Come and release
me from the bonds of a struggle like this.
I am waiting here with a boat.

Perched on the boughs, the beetles have
stopped their murmurous song; flowers are
in slumber and hushed are the bulbuls.
Crows have come to roost in their nests.
I am waiting for you with a boat.

The reflection of the stars on the Dal's surface is
becoming brighter and the dance of the
shimmering ripples has come to a halt.
Even the waters are becalmed and stilled.
Come now, I am waiting for you with a boat.

Yi kȧmy trȁav Telbȧly kin gyevan lȧhraȧ
Mye gȧy kan khȧry dopum tsȕy aakh zȁhraa
Kanas maṅz hyeth bihith chhas vaav yizihe
Bo praaraan laaṅki pycṭh hyeth naav yizihe

Yi kyaah gav Shaalamȁar kiny khoory ṭhas hyoo
Shikȁaryaah pakȁnukuy gav doory ṭhas hyoo
Vwolo be aarȁ mo matsaraav yizihe
Bo praaraan lȁnki pyeṭh hyeṭh naav yizihe

Gȁyee zan boni taany behosh khaamȯsh
Gamȕty ȧshy ṭaary hyeth pamposh khaamȯsh
Ta aav amnas andar vwony vaav yizihe
Bo praaraan lȧanki pyeṭh hyeth naav yizihe

Tsȁ bozakh saaph vwony dubraay myȁanee
Chhu kyaah tȧajib tse pheree maay myȁanee
Chha kwosȁ kath myeti agar shar draav yizihe
Bo praaraan lȁnki pyeth hyeth naav yizihe

Who has started a strain from the Telbal side ?
My ears stand stiffened and I believe you are coming.
Glued are my ears to the flutter of your arrival.
Do come now, I am waiting here with a boat.

I hear the splash of oars from the direction of
the Shalamar, as if, from afar, a shikara is sailing.
O merciless one, do not make me mad, do come.
I am waiting here with a boat.

Even the chenars are motionless and silent.
Lotuses are calm with their tearful eyes.
Wind too is still and peaceful. Come, I am waiting.

Now you can hear my heart-beats clearly ;
no wonder, if love for me returns to your heart.
No wonder, if my yearnings find an outlet.
So come now, I am waiting for you with a boat.

November 1958.

GHAZAL No. 16.

Laaraan tsey patay yim myäanee khayaal vyesiye
Tshaaraan tsey tswopäaree yim myäany laal vyesiye
Gaaraan pädy mye chäanee tshänḍy kohtä baal vyesiye
Tshaaraan tsey tswopäaree yim myäany laal vyesiye

Tshaanḍaan yaara balanuy väny dit mye aaräpalnuy
Pay chon prutsh mye ḍalnuy pamposhnuy ta khyelnuy
Kalänalä bo chhus banyomut zan akh savaal vyesiye
Tshaaraan tsey tswopäaree yim myäany lal vyesiye.

Husnuk kamaal häavith pananuy zahaor träavith
Zan subah pholaräavith tshunthas bo vuzanäavith
Dil myon baanbaräavith trovuth khayhal vyesiye
Tshaaraan tsey tswopäaree yim myäany lal vyesiye.

Tyeli yoosmargi pyetḥ yeli asi panuny däady baavey
Chhuyi yaad poshi lanji nuy pyeṭh yeli googoosy traavey
Tim väada aadanuky kyaah kuni saatä paal vyesiye
Tshaaraan tsey tswopäaree yim myäany laal vyesiye

Almastunuy tsa vuchh haal ändy maa mye trov kaanh baal
Harmwokh tä Peer Pantsaal pheraan gom yetskaal
Talä dädy mye taapä suty pädy pyetḥä näny yi taal vyesive
Tshaaraan tsey tswopäaree yim myäany laal vyesiye.

GHAZAL

My love, my thoughts pursue thee,
And my eyes seek thee everywhere.
Hills and dales I traversed
In quest of thy foot-prints.

Searching for thee, I looked at river banks and
over the boulders,
I asked thy whereabouts from the lakes, the flowers
and the lotuses.
From top to toe my whole being has become a question.

Casting a spell on me through thy ravishing beauty
and splendour,
Summoning the dawn, awakened me,
And kindling in me the flame of love, thou neglected me.

Swinging ecstatically on fragrant boughs at Yusmarg,
Do you remember we exchanged thoughts and made promises.
Do sometime redeem those promises of those early days.

Look at Almast; he has left no mountain unscoured;
Harmukh and Pirpanchal he has searched for long;
His soles below and his bald pate above are scorched
by sun-shine
His eyes have been looking for you all over.

December 1954.

ĠAREĖB ḲORI HÅNZÅ GRAAVÅ

Tsy dyut tham kath kyutuy khasavun yi yaavun
Mye yithi zanmay dayo kyaah os praavun
Yi osuy vakt pananuy raavaraavum
Mye yithi zanmay dayo kyaah os praavun

Tsy pholråaveth såhraavas andar gul
Kȯruth pȯz koot pholråavith tagophul
Nå chhum sag yeti na chhum saayas kyuthuy kul
Nå chhum kaanh baagvaan maazaan nå bulbul
Gwodany gatshi bulbulan yeti maal haavun
Mye yithi zanmay dayo kaah os praavun

Bo amikhotå aasahäa tsey paad malnuy
Gulan zaalaan chhi yeti manz naarå khalnuy
Chaḍaavaan posh chhiy pyeṭh kani palnuy
Chhi baavaan zwozarithuy patå yaarabalanuy
Yiman kuni påaṭhy chhu man yeti ranzanaavun
Mye yithi zanmay dayo kyaah os praavun

Banåavith zoon hish vwon kyaah mye provum
Kamaalas yaam yaavun vaatanovum
Khayaalan våaryviky chhånyrith mye povum
Ta naadåari hunduy dagg lålå novum
Su yaavun kyaah phare yath daag laläavun
Mye yithi zanmay dayo kyaah os praavun

Mye amikhwotå thåvy zi he tsuy taaråkan maṅz
Bo vuchhahaa moj zagtuk maarkan manz
Na osum våaryvuk na maalynyuk tanz
Na osum kun yinuk na gatshanakuy saṅz
Bihith ächh naaṭa karå håa zagtasuy kun
Mye yithi zanmay dayo kyaah os praavun

Magar any thas tsye bo samsaarasuy manz
Mye ami khwota traavahak kuni naarå suy manz
Pyeyas bo ḍoṭh zan bahaarasuy manz
Tshunim beyå moj mol aazaarå suy manz
Vwony osuyi myaani ranga eezaa timan dyun
Mye yethi zanmay dayo kyaah os praavun.

A POOR MAIDEN'S COMPLAINTS

Why, O God, did you make me and grant me
this blooming youth ? It was mere wasting your
care on me, for what had I to gain by being born?

You made me a flower in a wilderness, but forgot
it afterwards. I have no one to water me, no
sheltering tree, no gardener, and no song-bird to
love me. These birds must be assured of gold before
they love.

Happier were I at your feet in heaven; for in this
world people throw flowers into fire, or offer them
to stones, and throw them into rivers after they have
faded. They have somehow to please their fancy.

What have I gained from my moon like beauty ? As I grew
to fullness, I began to waste away at the thought of
my father-in-law's house, and poverty became a blot
on me. There is no joy in recalling a youth in which
one has to nurse a wounded heart.

You had better place me among the stars, whence
I could witness the course of events without any
worries about my father's or father-in-law's house,
and would not be bound to go from one to the other.
Sitting, I would only have winked at the affairs of this world.

Yet you brought me into this world. It were
better to throw me into fire, for here I was as
unwelcome as hail in the season of flowers,
and made my parents miserable. Did you mean to
harm them through me?

Ġwodany maa myaanī zyenȧ yeti kaanh ti khwosh gav
Vwoshiy vwosh pyeyi tȧ gȧr garasuy duyun pyev
Bo äasäsä nyechuv khasi hekh poori kiny rav
Gȧyakh gwodȧ koor ṇaav hyenasuy gale zyev
Vwojäariyi panani hund aakh nakshi bronh kun
Mye yithi zanmay dayo kyaah os praavun.

Jokhukh zan äasy lägmūty daandavaane
Panun swokh gokh räavith aanimaane
Haṭis dith käanṭȧ sombrukh veri myaane
Dumbri dumbre tȧ ratsi ratsi daani daane
Patav yeti kaanh gotshukh mujräayiyee dyun
Mye yethi zanmay dayo kyaah os praavun

Lwokät äasasakh bo zan gulzaar phwolvun
Baḍith baasey sakh zan naar zalvūn
Lwokäṭ äasasakh bo zan kanȧ door alavun
Baḍith pyeysakh bo zan nosoor laläyun
Su lwokä chaar myon osum häajy baavun
Mye yethi zanmay dayo kyaah os praavun

Galaan chhas kȯt sanaa gatshi paarsal me
Gätshim na aasäney tim naa ahal me
Dapaan chhas gatshy na tim anänty vadal me
Galaan chhas kar gatshyam mushkil yi hal me
Gȯtshum na mol kuni mandȧ chhaavanay yun
Mye yethi zanmai dayo kyaah os praavun.

Nyechiv sunzi vizi chhi gwoḍa nari zetḥaraavaan
Na yaad insäaniyat rozaan na bagawaan
Chhi kethȧ kethä päathy apzäy shaa haavaan
Chhi kami kami rangä shikaaras phaansanaavan
Patav chhukh myani vizi pheraan motun
Mye yethi zanmay dayo kyaah os praavun

Dayo kar panani dystay chhaarȧ myonuy
Anukh vwony laalȧ vaalyan aar myonuy
Nataai yetȧ raavi kus yeti baar myonuy
Chhi bronthḥay maajy moluy khaar myonuy
Bichaaryan garȧ ti chhuk vwony rahnȧ thaavun
Mye yethi zanmay dayo kyaah os praavun

No one rejoiced at my birth; all were sad and
sobbing. Had a son been born he would be to them
like the rising sun, but as it was I, they did not
like even to mention the birth of a daughter.
My birth brought before their vision their ruin in the future.

They laboured hard like yoked oxen; their own
pleasures went to the winds; they denied even food
to themselves and saved money for me penny by
penny and bit by bit. Yet, alas, who will appreciate
their self-denial ?

As a child I was to them a blooming flower or a
jewel, but when I grow up, I was to them like
a burning fire or cancer. Alas, my childhood
was brief as a distant lightning flash!

Now I pine wondering to what house I shall be sent
like a postal parcel; whether they will be humane
and will not make me miserable; and when the
problem will find solution, I fear all the while
lest my father should be disgraced.

When they marry a son they spread long arms to receive
a rich dowry, forgetting humanity and God. They
pretend to be grand and try in many ways to entrap
their victim. But when a daughter is to be married,
they turn pale as death.

Help me, O God, so that the groom's people may
take pity on me. Otherwise, who will support me at my
father's house, since my parents are already miserable
and have, poor people, to mortgage their house.

October 1952.

GHAZAL No. 17

Baalá paan kórtham zaaye jaanaana beparvaaye
Vati vati chhas bal vuchhaan
Kani falinuy faal vuchhaan
Losim mye áchh laal vuchhaan
Jaanaana beparvaaye.

Áchh ti gayam vády vády me
Kanḍinuy laarem pády me
Poorná karu yin zády me
Jaanaana beparvaaye

Kaanh chhum nä broṅnṭh tay path me
Yitmo tá kartamo sath me
Anigaṭi maṅz haav vath me
Jaanaana beparvaaye

Dashi ganji mye astaanan
Rachhi kari mye peerá vaanan
Beyi kyaah chhu athi insaanan
Jaanaana beparvaaye.

Vány ditmay aarávalnuy
Dam dity mye pamposhä ḍalnuy
Myon dod kuninaa chhu balnuy
Jaanaana beparvaaye

Doori kuni jaayi paan khaṭáhaa
Khalvakh baakhaa tshaṭáhaa
Áshisuy manz baag phaṭáhaa
Jaanaana beparvaaye

Vaar chhum na lolá naar khaṭnas
Vaar chum na lolá naar tshaṭnas
Lolá náary aninas bo phaṭnas
Jaanaanä beparvaaye.

GHAZAL

Wasted you have my youth, o careless; reckless love;
I am young and searching for you everywhere;
I count the pebbles to guess my fate on every path,
And wearied are the pupils of my eyes,
O My careless, reckless love.

Tears have made me lose my sight
And my feet are worn out with thorns.
When shall these wounds of mine be healed,
O My careless, reckless love.

None is there to look after me,
Come and infuse confidence in me.
Show me the path midst this darkness,
O My careless, reckless love.

Offerings have I promised at the shrines,
And obtained amulets and charms from the Pirs.
What else can a human being do,
O My careless, reckless love ?

I searched for you amongst flowers,
I dived into the lotus—lakes;
But my malady is still uncured,
O My careless, reckless love.

I want to hide myself far somewhere,
And in solitude to weep aloud,
And to drown myself in my own tears,
O My careless, reckless love.

Impossible for me is to hide the fire of love;
Impossible for me is to exhibit the same;
This fire of love is choking me within,
O My careless, reckless love.

Gari kặḍsa chäani khayaalan
pheerås bo margan tă baalan
Tshondukh mye pyeṭha kohă maalan
Jaanaanå beparvaaye

Almastasuy chhaa taakat
Ḍakhă thavi våalinji parbat
Ada våni dilachiy haalat
Jaanaanå beparvaaye.

Goaded by your thoughts, I quit my home,
And wandered through meadows and hills.
On mountain tops I have been searching for you;
O My careless, reckless love.

Love has made Almast grow weak,
Support his heart with a mountain did he,
And then alone could he describe the plight of his heart,
O My careless, reckless love.

June 1935.

GOOHY KHÁRY

Sádrá jorrarh draayi pháty joraah
kalan pyeṭh hyeth gare
Ḍaala deevaan tshaalá maaraan
zan tá vanáche páanpare

Púry näny traavaan aḍee pamposh zan
pyeth tath vate
Gardi pyeṭh yemikuy akas
vuchhtuy musavir kaanh mate

Kyaah zalaan zotaan áasákh
jandanuy manz pryeny swo tan
Kwodratan zan chyeshmi badá baapat
valith thavmutsá zachan

Mòdri haṭi súty aasá ándree
lolá kee gaayaan geet
Mahav kathtaanyeth khayaalas
os goohis gatshnuk su heet

Vaav duryan baalanuy pyeṭh
os òbras suty gindaan
Vuchhvuchhee áth òbrasuy kun
aasá timá kyaah taany sworaan

Gaamá ándriy neerithuy yeli vaatsa máadaanas andar
Goohy lyebyen kun vuchh vuchhee sádran lajikh ándree sasar

Lagi sásar maashook ḍeeshith aashikas yuth paanasuy
Zan timay maashok tati aasy vaharithuy máadaanasuy

Akh ákis bronh dorane laji
zorá saanuy maan mäany
Maay akh akysunz mäthäkh
ṭhamá ṭham vátshakh yets paanaváany

Goohy lyebe path goohy lyebe yeli aasä
timá dwonavay davaan
Zan akhaaḍas indrasándisuy
mańz rakas vigine karaan

GATHERERS OF COW-DUNG

Two girls, friends, with baskets on their heads,
came out of their homes, frisking and
fawning, like butterflies of the woods.

Their lotus-like feet, half-pressed on the dusty path,
created prints so charming as would make a painter crazy.

Through their rags their fair white bodies shone and
twinkled; nature appeared to cover them in rags to
save them from the evil eye.

They sang love songs melodiously in low tone.
Rapt in some other thought were they and gathering
dung was just an excuse.

On far off mountains winds were playing with clouds.
The two friends were recollecting something while
looking at the game of the clouds and winds.

Coming out of the village as they reached the
open plains the two friends felt an internal agitation
on spying cow dung.

It was an agitation that a lover feels when he sees his
beloved. The pieces of dung appeared like various
beloveds lolling on the ground.

They ran, began to overtake each other and the
competition grew stronger; forgot they their love
and an altercation followed.

While running from one piece of dung to other,
they looked like apsaras dancing in the court of
Lord Indira.

Orȧ aav dardar karaan sranḍaah
gunḍȧ gurysuy khȧsith
Aav gareebee hund timan baas
peyi swo swondartaa vȧsith

Tshwopȧ kȧrith timȧ rozȧ lȯblȯb
adbȧ saan kȧrhas salaam
Zan ȧmeeran hund chhu prath vati pakavunuy
aasaan gwolaam

Kalȧ ta gardan ȧas gȧamuts
charbȧ sȯty yeksaan tȧmis
Maantsa kreel eeraan ȧasy baasaan beyi insaan tamis

Naphratuch nazraah zachan tihinzan
karith bronh kun su draav
Mast dowlatkis nashas manz
zan vuḍaan osuy su vaav.

Door kyenh neerith tamis hȧakimȧ sundiy gury trȧv lyed
Tee vuchhith sodran khoshee hund rood nȧ adȧ kaanh ti had

Mwochhi vȧṭith ṭȧkh tujy timav
laaraan aay dwonavay totuth
Akh ȧkis path dakȧ divaan
kahytaany gay dwonavay totuth

Vȧatithuy tȯt tath lyede gunasav
dwoyay zan vol yi naal
Akh ȧkis zulȧ bȯky tȧ tsȧpy hyeth
gov timan naakaarah haal

Hind tȧ pȧakistan zan ikleemi kashmeeras lamaan
Roos tȧ amreekaa natay duniyaahakis beeras lamaan

Door tsȧlythuy ȧas tati insȧaniyat ṭoonge vadaan
Kȧar bwonkun nomrithuy ȧasȯy
khwodȧayat mańdȧchhaan

Hȧkȧ vazyov aavaaz dith almastanuy phutmut yi saaz
Yethy khwodȧayiyi pyeṭh khwodaayaa
kyaa sanaa chuyi sȧa tsye naaz.

From the other direction, furiously fuming, came a hefty
fellow riding an unruly horse; they looked at him, realized
their abject poverty, and their beauty fell in to the dust.

They were silent, took to the wall, and saluted him
suppliantly as if all the wayfarers are the slaves of the rich.

Excessive fat had made his neck indistinguishable
from his head; other human beings appeared to him
like puny insects crawling on the dust.

Casting a contemptuous look at the rags of the
maidens, he galloped forward; dead drunk in wealth
he appeared flying like the wind.

A little farther off, the dandy's horse evacuated dung;
the maidens saw this and their joy was boundless.

With their fists closed, they ran to reach the spot; pulling
and pushing each other, they somehow reached there.

They looked like two vipers coiling around the
dung; they bit each other, scratched each other's
face and made their plight pitiable.

It looked like India and Pakistan pulling the
land of Kashmir in different directions; or
like Russia and America pulling the great
globe itself from different ends.

Humanity, as if bereft of all its values, shed bitter tears
there, and even godhood cast its head down in shame.

The broken harp of Almast produced a spontaneous
note saying, "O God ! Is this the godhood of
yours of which you are so proud?"

May 1951.

GHAZAL No. 18

Chha insaániyat deenu eemaan sonuy
Chha yeksaáni yat akh yi armaan sonuy
Banemuts hakeekat chha aphsaana sonuy
Zámeen az chhi sáanee tá asmaan sonuy

Shaheedan salaam az shaheedan salaam az
Khäsith saarivuy khwotá chhu tuhoñduy mukaam az
Pazi saarinuy khwotá timan ehtiraam az
Divaan phal chhu suy khooni arzaan sonuy

Phasaadav tá beyi mushkilav mañzy tárith az
Sadiyan hundy dwokhta beyi chwokh zärith az
Rangaarang poshav tä mushkav bárith az
Phólith aamátuy chhuy gulistaan sonuy

Karaan val tä tshal aay zardaar káatyaah
Ditikh barkare panáni naadaar käatyaah
Karen asi ti naachaará pey chaará káatyaah
Rukyov maa magar lolá toofaan sonuy

Chhu sarmaayi daaran aṭam bam mubaarakh
Ta insáaniyatakuy chu asi gam mubaarakh
Sitamgaaranuy khoye barham mubaarakh
Phakat akh ahinsa chha saamaana sonuy

Garazmand káḍytan alag tsáary tsáaree
Nasal rangu mazhab tá sarmaayidaáree
Gabar ákis aadmá sañdiy ásy chhi saáree
Chhu asi boy prath kaanh insaan sonuy

Chhu prath tarphá pananuy gulistaan sambaalun
Tá baapoojiyun dóp chhu prath saatä paálun
Chhu asi pazrásuy path panun paan gaalun
Chhu vatnas yi zuvjaan kworbaan sonuy.

GHAZAL

Humanitarian spirit is our religion and our faith,
Our only ambition is attainment of equality;
Our dreams have been realized now,
This earth as also the sky is ours now.

We salute and salute our martyrs,
To day they are held in highest esteem by us;
Highest shall be the homage to them today
Because it is their blood which is bearing fruit.

Chaos and disturbances are things of the past
As are the wounds and privations of centuries.
With variegated flowers and fragrances
Is our garden set abloom today.

Playing tricks and adopting ruses, many a wealthy upstarts did come;
For their own gains many a poor were sacrified by them;
Willy nilly, we too had to find various remedies;
But the rolling tide of our love stopped not its course.

Let the capitalists be proud of their atom bombs,
But let us be proud of our sorrowing for humanity:
Let the tyrants be proud of their destructive capacity;
But let us be proud only of Ahinsa.

The selfish may pick and choose
According to caste, colour, creed, and wealth;
We are the children of one and the same Adam,
And all the people of the world are our brothren.

We have to abide by the teachings of Bapuji
And set right our country in every way;
Unceasingly have we to work for the triumph of truth,
And, when needed, give our lives for our land.

15 August 1971.

VUZUMALȦ

Baȧlȧ pyetḥy kala obruy taliye vuzumȧlye may khatḥ paan
Rozee saathaa tsalma vȧlyvȧliye vuzumȧliye may khatḥ paan

Beetḥy buzdil Jandȧ vȧlyvȧliye sher dilnủy tsȧ vath haavaan
Vaȧty manzilas traṭavuy tȧliye vuzumȧliye may khatḥ paan

Traave lȯt lȯt yim khworȧphȧliye vaarȧ vuchhnuk asi armaan
Ȧchhy naaṭȧvuy suty asy gȧliye vuzumȧliye may khatḥ paan

Obra jin kas pariyi hyeth tsȧliye
Swoy chhi vȧdy vȧdy ḍotḥ haaraan
Chhakh tsalaan swoy tȧly bȧly ta tshȧliye
vuzumȧliye may khatḥ paan

Kyaa behan baal khoby dith hȧliye
Husne barhamkiy aakh kaan
Chaani ashi gav sheen gȧly gȧliye
Vuzumȧliye may khatḥ paan

Laalȧ roy chon jaama vwozȧliye
Kaalȧ moyi mȧnzy traṭȧ traavaan
Naaza moody kủty draay raazȧ bȧliye
Vuzumȧliye may khaṭh paan

Ȯbrȧ dyev ȧshkȧ pechȧan vȧliye
Krakȧ dith tulhay aasmaan
Khophȧ sủty aarȧ vȧthy tsȧly tsȧliye
Vuzumȧliye may khaṭh paan

Ȯbrȧ gury chhiy karaan lalȧ lȧliye
Kamchi dith chhakh pakȧnaavan
Shrowny shrowny daar rwoni manzȧliye
Vuzumȧliye may khaṭh paan

Tsȧ tȧ aasmaany bo tȧ paathȧliye
Bekarȧaree asi yeksaan
Almastan chhi hyetsmủts mȧliye
Vuzumȧliye may khaṭh paan.

LIGHTNING

Beyond the mountains and under the black clouds
Do not hide yourself, O Lightning!
Stay a while with us; flee not so soon.

The cowards cover themselves in rags,
But the paths of the lion-hearted are lit by you;
They brave the storms and reach the goal.

We yearn to have a thorough look at you;
Let your tiny feet tread the path gently.
Smitten are we with your wanton winking.
O Lightning! Hide not yourself.

Who is the fairy the demons of clouds have ravished?
She is shedding hail-like tears;
By hook or crook she tries to escape
From their clutches, O Lightning!

How long shall mountain tops, with caps aslant,
Stay proudly in front of the arrows of angry beauty?
Snow too, is melting down with your tears, O Lightning!

Attired in crimson with your face tulip-hued,
You hurl thunderbolts through the locks of your black hair;
Many were dead by your lalandishments
And found solace only in cremation grounds.

The cloud-demons are caught in love as if in the meshes of the morning-glory,
Raising heavens by their runt and roar,
Struck with fear, the rivulets and cascades flow down running.

Unwilling to march, the steeds of clouds are whipped by you
And the march of the chariot is tintinnabulating
To the music of the spheres, O Lightning!

You belong to the skies, Almast is earth bound;
But both are restless alike—
he having forced it on himself—
O Lightning, you don't hide yourself.

May 1955.

GHAZAL No. 19

Yi tooruk jalvaye taabaan patȧ rozyaa nȧ rozyaa
Chhu vunkyan husnȧkuy ehsaan patȧ rozyaa nȧ rozyaa

Mȯdur dodaa ganeemat zaan patȧ rozyaa nȧ rozyaa
Chhu vunkyan meharbaan asmaan patȧ rozyaa nȧ rozyaa

Su kyaah taam ȯs pharmaavaan
bo ȯsus ȧndȧry kiny sonchaan
Chhu vunkyan rahmatuk baaraan
patȧ rozyaa nȧ rozyaa

Fidaa gatsh baalȧyaaras path
ganeemat zaan maasoomiyat
Chhu vunkyan nyendri manz toofaan
patȧ rozyaa nȧ rozyaa

Ma san praanyan kathan ay dil
ma an beyi daȧdy vwotlaȧvith
Yiman daadyan khabar chhaa ṭhaan patȧ
rozyaa nȧ rozyaa

Vasal maa khatam kari shokas
tȧ beyi yeth lolȧ armaanas
Dilas manz shoglukuy samaan patȧ rozyaa na rozyaa

Chavaan chhus mast chyeshman hund
mas pananyev bwochhev chyeshmav
Chhu kawnsar vunkyanas arzaan
patȧ rozyaa nȧ rozyaa.

Chhi käts taany zindageei hůndy doh
banaav Almastȧ yim rȧngeen
Tulaan gatsh vyoor husnas shaan
patȧ rozyaa nȧ rozyaa.

GHAZAL

Resplendent is the vision of light of the Tur, it may or may not last;
Obliging is beauty at the moment, it may or may not last.

Let us be content with sweet agony, it may or may not last;
The kindness of heavens is there now, it may or may not last.

My love was speaking something, I was pondering in the heart of hearts;
At the moment there is a shower of kindness, it may or may not last.

Sacrifice yourself on your young love and be content with her innocence;
In deep slumber is the storm this time, it may or may may not last.

Ponder not on things gone by, O Heart! Revive not old maladies;
The cicatrices on the wounds may or may not last.

Yearnings and zeal of love may be deadened by a union with her;
These alone amuse my heart, and may or may not last afterwards.

With my thirsty eyes I drink the wine of her wild eyes;
Bounty of Kawnsar is now here for me, it may or may not last.

O Almast! Make colourful the numbered days of your life;
Feast your eyes on the glory of beauty, it may or may not last.

July 1965.

ŻOOṄ

Rasȧ rasȧ ḍooly chäany pakanaavȧanee
Asmaanůchy mahaarȧaniye
Khasnay chaani saäny dil toshȧanee
Asmaanůchy mahaaraȧniye

Swonȧ buth chon yeli khȯt asmȧanee
Hyeri bwonȧ gahȧ traavaȧniye
Vati vati rwopächiy gayi arzȧanee
Asmaanůchy mahaaraȧniye

Ȯbras tshaayi chhakh rwoy thaavaȧnee
Kasůy chhak tambȧlaavȧaniye
Kas yi tsoorȧ nazran huṅz meharbȧanee
Asmaanůchy mahaarȧaniye

Butarȧats ȧndy ȧndy gatȧ maaraȧnee
Kasůy chhak patȧ laaraȧniye
Kasunduy daag chhak vwondi lalavȧanee
Asmaanůchy mahaarȧaniye

Zaanakh hyeṅdgee nä musalmȧanee
Hish chhi chȧanee meharbȧaniye
Pananuy tȧ parduy chhak na zanȧanee
Asmaanůchy mahaarȧaniye

Shaamȧ laṭi yeli chhakh pravȧ traavȧanee
Zan gatshaan taarakh kȧaniye
Kasrat chha kuniras nish mandȧ chhȧanee
Asmaanůchy mahaarȧaniye

Pachhi vaadan chhakh ambȧnaavȧanee
Vanee kati chhakh aasäaniye
Kahandiy garȧ chhakh sholȧnaavȧanee
Asmaanůchy mahaarȧaniye

Saphran laȧjynakh azlay laȧnee
Yekh vwoshy chhakh traavaȧniye
Sardee tȧ zardee chhakh haarȧanee
Asmaanůchy mahaarȧaniye

MOON*

Slowly and gently is your palanquin carried,
O, Queen of the sky!
Gladdened are our hearts with your rise,
O, Queen of the sky!

When your golden orb appeared in the sky
It cast effulgence there and below here;
Silver seemed to be scattered everywhere;
O, Queen of the sky!

When you hide your face behind the clouds
Who is that whom you want to tantalize?
Who is the lucky one to be bestowed with your stealthy glances
O, Queen of the sky?

Unceasing is your dance around the globe,
Whom do you want to pursue thus?
Love for whom is fondled by you in your breast
O, Queen of the sky?

Prejudiced you are not by religious differences,
Uniform is your grace to Hindus and Musalmans;
None is a friend to you and none your foe,
O, Queen of the sky!

Stars are blinded in your presence
When you cast your light on them.
Multitudes feel ashamed in the presence of ONE
O, Queen of the sky!

For many fortnights you keep us restless with your absence.
Tell us which is the place where you hide?
Tell us which are the homes you there illuminate,
O, Queen of the sky?

Destined are you for a constant travel,
That is why you heave cold sighs;
Spreading pallour and emitting cold are you;
O, Queen of the sky!

---

*Moon is feminine gender in Kashmiri.

Gaṭā pachh zoonā pachh zúy rang chaánec
Yim chhi dwonvay laaphaániye
Prath kuni thavmut azlay laánee
Asmaanúchy mahaaraániye

A fortnight bright and a fortnight dark,
These are the two immortal aspects of yours;
Such are the aspects allotted to all by Nature,
O, Queen of the sky!

October 1954.

GHAZAL No. 20

Kaluwaalȧ pyalȧ bar az dil chhui phwolaan sonuy
Aazaad äzi chhu gomut kaluwaalȧ vaan sonuy

Gul saȧny chaman sonuy beyi aashiaanȧ sonuy
Az chhay zameen saȧniy beyi aasmaan sonuy

Raatuk su shaamigam vwony rath hȧarithuy khatam gav
Subhůch shafak chhu chhaavaan vwony aasmaan sonuy

Rath dith panun yemav ȯn azikuy ye doh mubarak
Kworbaan timan shaheedan khooneravaan sonuy

Jodoo khatam sapunmut chhuy goliraahunůy huṅd
Draamut chhu gamaki sahäraa manzȧ karvaan sonuy

Ay aasmaan beyi aki phiri vuchh tsü shaan saȧnee
Mwoklyov vakt karithůy vwony imtihaan soonuy

Bedaar nyendri yem kȧry tshȧry jaam saȧny yem bȧry
Läsytan tu pooshtan asi peeremugaan sonuy.

GHAZAL

Fill the cups, O Saqi! Our hearts are blooming;
This day it was that our tavern became free.

The flowers are ours; the garden and the nest are ours;
Today ours is this earth, and also the sky.

The sad dusk of yesterday has ended after blood-shed;
Now our sky is enjoying the glow of a new dawn.

The blood coursing in our veins be sacrificed on those martyrs,
Who ushered in for us this happy day through their martyrdom.

The charm of the waylaying ghosts is gone now from our path;
Our caravan has already crossed the desert of sorrow.

O Heavens! Look once again at our glory;
Time is over now for our tests and trials.

The one who roused us from slumber, and filled our empty cups
May that Pir-i-Mughan live and last long.

15th August 1960.

VAN RAÁNY

Nearee soṅth hảy aav van raäniye
Kar gunafchan kraav gujraäniye
Noonȧ poshan chhu baav nundu baäniye
Kar gunafchan kraav gujräaniye

Baalȧ maali pyetḥ zooni hamsaayi chhakh tsủy
Kam tsȧ kyaah chhakh tȧsy hampaayi chhakh tsủy
Swo ti asmȧany tsȧ ti asmaäniye
Kar gunafchan kraav gujraäniye

Kyaah tsȧ shoobaan chhakh maṅz poshȧ ḍalanủy
Devȧdaarav täly maṅz baag palnủy
Deshavaninủy chhu dil kreshȧaniye
Kar gunafchan kraav gujraäniye

Kus vavaan yim poshi ḍal kus chhu khaaraan
Chaa khasaan yim gumȧnủy yim chhakh tsȧ haaraan
Natȧ javȧanee maa chhanaan chȧaniye
Kar gunafchan kraav gujraäniye

Kaala ȯbras maṅz zan zoon zotaan
Ath kryehni zachi maṅz kyaah chhakh shoobaan
Chhay yi netrủch swoy zȧṭ praäniye
Kar gunafchan kraav gujräaniye

Pyokh partav chaani nundȧ baani athȧkuy
Tȯr tȧaser poshan chaani athȧkuy
Adȧ chhi bemaar bȧlȧ raavaäniye
Kar gunafchan kraav gujräaniye

Yoot jyekhy jyekhy vantȧ kyaah chhuy laaraan
Noonȧ ratsȧ kyenh yemikuy chhuy tse armaan
Khooni aadmủch chhai yeti arzȧaniye
Kar gunafchan kraav gujraäniye

Chhay tse akh ȧchh door myetsi koṭhas kun
Aȧdy zaamut chheerȧ kan chhuy tas kun
Kami kami rangȧ chhay pareshaäniye
Kar gunafchan kraav gujraäniye

QUEEN OF THE WOODS

O Queen of the woods! Come out now that spring is here;
Collect lapfuls of violet flowers, O Gujar Woman;
Nunposh are getting costlier and costlier, O beautiful one.

Living on the mountain-tops, you are the Moon's neighbour.
Not less lovely are you than the moon whose rival you are.
Both of you are perched on skyey heights.
Come forth and collect the violet flowers.

How bewitching you are in the midst of flower beds?
How lovely you look under cedars and among boulders?
Ravished are the hearts of the beholders.

Who plants and who tends these flower beds?
Are these watered by your perspiration?
Or, are these flowers the fallings-off of your youth?

In your black rags you look like the
Shimmering moon surrounded by dark clouds.
These rags were once your trousseau and these still cling to you.

It is the healing touch of your lovely hands,
Which has been transferred to these flowers;
That is why they serve as medicine to the ailing.

What does your unremitting toil yield to you?
Just a handful of salt for which you pine.
How cheap has become the blood of human beings?

Your eyes are fixed on your far mud-hovel;
Your ears are glued to the mooing of the new-born lamb.
How variegated are your worries?

Chhakh thăkitḥ yeli zan kambar syezăraavaan
Bwon băstee kun nazraah traavaan
Boṅglȧ kyaah khor noonȧ poshȧ vaȧniye
Kar gunzfchan kraav gujraȧniye

Yeti zangȧraȧdy chhiy nam tsam gaalaan
Zyeva raȧdy chhikh kărynee pyeṭha ḍaalaan
Zyev gilvith phyetsănaavaȧniye
Kar gunafchan kraav gujraȧniye

Weary with toil when you straighten your back,
Down below you cast a glance at the habitation;
What a mansion the violet-merchant has built!

Here the toilers work hard and wear themselves for nothing,
While those who deal in mere words, boss over them
And snatch their earnings through verbal trickeries.

June 1956.

GHAZAL

Barȧ bukȧ aayas yitȧ kuni tshalȧ mati
Vwolȧ mati karȧyo lwolȧ matȧ laay
Yinȧ darshanȧ kuy shar hyeth galȧ mati
Vwolȧ mati karȧyo lwolȧ matȧ laay

Sheenȧ mȧany dȧany dȧany kali zan galȧ mati
Aȧkhar sȧdras manz myȧany jaay
Tsȧti kȯt tsalȧham boti kȯt tsalȧ mati
Vwolȧ mati karȧyo lwolȧ matȧ laay

Baḍi dalȧ chhukȧha kinȧ chhuk telbalȧ mati
Kati traȧvůth zulphůchy bislaay
Marȧ mati tshaarȧtho kami yaarbalȧ mati
Vwolȧ mati karȧyo lwolȧ matȧ laay

Door zan tsalȧ mati soor zan malȧ mati
Tsey rȯs beyi kȧmysůnz chham raay
Beyi kati ralȧ mati beyi kati baiȧ mati
Vwolȧ mati karȧyo lwolȧ matȧ laay.

Band bo gȧamats chhas vuzůmalȧ mati
Mandȧchhaan rovum yaavan raay
Kithȧ nera hyahȧki obray talȧ mati
Vwolȧ mati karȧyo lwola matȧ laay

Ashi sůty lavahȧts chhas masval mati
Aḍa phȯjy peyi gamȧ ȯbrȧchy tshaay
Ravȧ chaani darshanȧ rȯs kati phwolȧ mati
Vwolȧ mati karȧyo lwolȧ matȧ laay.

Husnȧ ȧandy aayam ȧshkȧ yaarbalȧ mati
Gilvaan nyunus kyaah chhu myon paay
Almast vati vati kȯḍnas dalȧ mati
Vwolȧ mati karȧyo lwolȧ matȧ laay.

GHAZAL

My love, I am at the bursting point; do come now, by hook or crook. Come that I may caress and fondle You, lest I should die with the longing to see you lodged within my heart.

Pining for you though I may melt drop by drop like a glacier, yet my permanent abode shall be the ocean. You cannot flee from me nor shall I be able to run away from you. Come now, my love, let me fondle and caress you.

Where have you cast the snare of your tresses?
Is it in the Dal or Telbal? My love, which are
those river banks where I shall be able to find you?
Come now, my love, let me fondle and caress you.

I may flee far or besmear my body with ashes,
yet I have no hope save in you. I shall not find
comfort in any other company, nor be cured anywhere.
Come now, let me fondle and caress you, my love.

My youth is wasted in bashful confinement;
I am like the lightning encased in clouds.
How shall I tear asunder the confines of clouds?
Come now, let me fondle and caress you, my love.

With tearful eyes I am just like a dew filled white rose.
Half abloom was I when the clouds of sorrows cast their
shadows on me. O My Sun! How shall I bloom
without your nourishing rays? Come now,
let me fondle and caress you, my love.

From the bank of Love's river I was highjacked
by the gale of Beauty and made helpless.
Almast felt crest—fallen on all paths and thoroughfares.
Come now, let me fondle and caress you, my love.

December 1959.

SON VATAN

Vúchhy vúchhy chaman panáanuy
chhus bo matan vanay kyaah
Ranbavun tá nundábonuy
sonuy vatan vanay kyaah

Hindostaanachiy váar zagtas chhi
darshanách dáar
Pády yaarásúndy vuchhit yeti
aashak matan vanay kyaah

Pyaalaah chhu manz yi baalan
bór paaná kalávaalan
Mas chyeth amyuk chhu prath kaanh
maykash chhivan vanay kyaah

Cheshman kitsúy zíyaafat
yi chhe aalámúch ziyaarat
Kwodrat chhi tháavmúts yeti
nány kwodratan vanay kyaah

Kati taany dapaan chhu janat
asi nish tamich hákeekat
Lalá naavunuy chhu hásrat
suy firishtan vanay kyaah

Vuchhtan vwolur ta beyi ḍal
yim aáná kyaah chhi nyermal
Aftaab zoon áthymanz chhiy buth
vuchhan vanay kyaah

Yim kohasaar sáaniy
yim yaarigaar sáaniy
Asmaan meeṭhy dini ath
chhuy bwon naman vanay kyaah

Yim margazaar vuchh vuchh
yim kwolá tá aará vuchh vuchh
Yetikiy nazaará vuchh vuchh
dil tambalan vanay kyaah

OUR MOTHERLAND

I simply become mad with joy when I
look at my beautiful motherland; beyond
description is its beauty and attractiveness.

The garden of India is it, and a window
for the world through which the lovers
of nature can look at the footprints of
their beloved.

A bowl surrounded by the mountains, it is
filled by the Great Saqi himself.
All lovers of drink are filled with
indescribable joy when they have a sip
from it.

It is a feast for the eyes as well as
a place of pilgrimage for the world. Nature
reveals herself in all her nakedness here.

Heaven, it is said, exists somewhere.
But we have it in reality with us.
Angels have indescribable jealousy on
this score.

Look at the Dal and Wullar lakes—
the clear mirrors in which the sun and
the moon see the reflections of their
faces.

Our everlasting friends are these mountains of ours.
Even the sky bows in obeisance to kiss them.

When we look at our meadows, our rivers,
our cotaracts, at all the scenery around
us, our hearts are thrilled with joy
indescribable.

Yi chhea vȧar masvalan hůnz
hiyi hůnz yembȧrzalan hůnz
Nakhȧ yith yiman chhu vuchhnuk
shar taarakaṅ vanay kyaah

Ásy chhiy khyevaan amyuk an
amichiy bȧrith chhi han han
Gȯb kyaah chhu aalȧvun asi
ath jaanutan vanay kyaah

Beyi yuth na braadi dushman
vwoth moth hyu tȧmis ban
Yuth zan na saani vatnuk
beyi naav hyen vanay kyaah

Almast vatnakuy mȯt
husnan pheruv yi kȯt kȯt
Kworbaan paan kȯrnay
amichan vatan vanay kyaah.

It is the garden of white rose,
tulip and narcissus like faces. Beyond
description is the yearning of the stars to
approach near these beautiful ones.

Each part of our body is saturated with
the food which our country produces. It is not
something great if we sacrifice our bodies
and souls for her.

O My Motherland! Assume the form of Death
for any person having aggressive designs
against you. None should ever entertain any
evil designs against us.

Almast is fond of his motherland and the
quest for beauty took him to many places.
On her paths he sacrificed himself.

March 1965.

GHAZAL No. 22

Nazar milnaavanuk tas yaarâ sûy sûty gôtsh mye taab aasun
Bo lôt pâaṭhy buth vuchhith yimahas
su gôtsh pôz mahvi khwaab aasun

Yetshaan husnas vuchhun sâaree
gôtshukh pôz behijaab aasun
My vuchhmut pardâ mânzy broṅṭhûy
Mye goṭshâ tyuet aabutaab aasun

Kayaamâts praarânuk mazloomanuy
gôtshâ vûni ti taab aasun
Pagaah kus aav yeth vuchhtûy
chhu lâazim âz hisaab aasun

Bajar gav bôḍ bânith gatshihe
na kâantshaa mahvi khwaab aasun
Syeṭhaah mushkil gatshaan patâ chhuy
âchhan manz kâansi aab aasun

Patshûy kati aayi Almastas mye kun
yeli robaroo vuchh tâmy
Mye kâatsaah tsumchi hyetsâ paanas
dôpum yiti gôtsh nä khwaab aasun

GHAZAL No. 22

I wish I had the nerve to look at her eyes straight;
Stealthily I would look at her face, if she were but asleep.

Each one desires to look at beauty, but if it is unveiled;
Already have I seen it through the veil, impatient as I was.

We are the oppressed, should we wait for the Judgement Day?
Who knows what tomorrow brings, let us settle the account today.

Greatness is real if it turns not a man's head;
Once achieved, it is difficult to continue with humility.

Almast believed it not, when she loooked straight at him,
He pinched and pinched his body, lest it too shouid be a dream.

August 1955.

VUN MYON YAA

Yaavun dyutnam tȧ dyutnam nȧ chhavun
Yaavun dyutnam raavun kyuth

Yaavun osumȧ kinȧ os shraavun
Sheenas zan mye vyeglaavun kyuth
Kyaah osum yithi yaavanä praavun
Yaavun osum tȧ raavun kyuth

Yaavun myon os garȧ baar traavun
Beran tä bachhnůy chhavun kyuth
Yaavun myon os zan häajy baavun
Yaavun myon os haavun kyuth

Kalä mė osum kaninuy chhaavun
Dil myon os händraavun kyuth
Paan myon os vati vati shignaavun
Yaavun myon os raavun kyuth.

MY YOUTH

I was blessed with youth, but not destined
to enjoy it; I got it only to waste it away.

Was it my youth or was it the hot summer
only to melt me like snow? What had I
to gain from such a youth, which was
there only to be lost away?

My youth was merely a summons to leave
my hearth and home and to waste it on the
uneven paths. It was just a distant flash of
lightning, a mere show.

My head was meant only to be struck
against stones, and my heart
only to be glaciated; my body
was there only to excite notoriety and
my youth only to be lost.

May 1935.

GHAZAL No. 23

Yi kyaah tshal kôr mye husnan chäany
Bo chhus kal chäany lalänaavaan
Thurus äthy kyut bo azlay länny
Bo chhus kal chäany lalänaavaan.

Khabar chamä kyaah chhi kath ath manz
Khabar kwosä mäslahat ath manz
Dilan hundy mäalikan kyaah zäany
Bo chhus kal chäany lalä naavaan.

Tsä chhak kwol naaz karvüny zan
Bo chhus bòṭh tan divaan naazan
Galaan ratsh ratsh tä beyi daäny daäny
Bo chhus kal chäany lalä naavaan

Mye vövmut aashi hund chhum byol
Mye dyutmut husnä baagas zol
Tshünith näaly lolächiy aläbäany
Bo chhus kal chäany lalänaavan

Bo pyomut chhus tsė nish yėts door
Magar panänuy yekeen chhum poor
Bo aäkhär chon tsä aäkhär myäany
Bo chhus kal chäany lalänaavaan.

Tsė zan mäshrovthan Almast
Bo roodus aadanaki srėhä mast
Syeṭhaa chham yaad chäanee präany
Bo chhus kal chäany lalänaavaan.

GHAZAL No. 23

What trick was played by your beauty on me
that I am to nurse longing for you; from
the beginning destiny moulded me for the
purpose and I continue to nurse longing for you.

I do not know what secret it holds and
what aim it conceals; the ruler of hearts
may know why I nurse such longing.

You are like a stream flowing flirtatiously
and I am the bank facing your flirtations;
melting piece by piece and bit by bit, I nurse
longing for you.

I have sown the seeds of hope and tended
the garden of beauty; with the yoke of love
around my neck, I nurse longing for you.

Even though I am far away from you,
yet my trust in you is unshaken; you are
mine, after all, and I am yours. I nurse
longing for you.

You may have forgotten Almast, but
he remains intoxicated with the initial
draught. Very old is the remembrance
of yours which his heart nurses.

February, 1953.

ȮBRAS KUN

Dilas manz tsėti khaṭith chhuy naar ȯbro
Tsȧ chhukh ami paasȧ myonuy yaar ȯbro
Karaan tsėti vaav samyuk laar ȯbro
Tsȧ chhukh ami paasȧ myonuy yaar ȯbro

Sangarmaalan tȧ baalan sůty tsėy khwoy
Thadyan Thadinůy khayaalan sůty mėy khwoy
Yivaan kati asi chu pȧstiyi vaar ȯbro
Tsȧ chhukh ami paasȧ myonuy yaar ȯbro

Tsȧ chhukh belos pȧaṭhy baaraanȧ traavaan
Bo chhus yeti hyas yinuk mas bȧagraavaan
Tsȧ phȯlraavaan chhukh gulzaar ȯbro
Tsȧ chhukh ami paasȧ myonuy yaar ȯbro

Tsȧ dunyaah vaalinůy nishi chhukh bihaan door
Tsė maa chhiy myȧany pȧaṭhy yim nyaay manzoor
Tsȧ shehlaavaan zameenuk naar ȯbro
Tsȧ chhukh ami paasȧ myonuy yaar ȯbro

Hayaatuk sag tsȧ sȧdray pyeṭhȧ anaan chhukh
Su chhakrȧavith tsȧ sȧdras beyi vasaan chhukh
Tsė kati kuni behnasůy chhuy vaar ȯbro
Tsȧ chhukh ami paasȧ myonuy yaar ȯbro.

Tsė begarziyi bakhshȧavuy bulandee
Kharaan tsėti myȧany pȧaṭhy devaar bȧndee
Tshůnaan chhukh loohrithůy devaar ȯbro
Tsȧ chhukh ami paasȧ myonuy yaar ȯbro

Karaan chhukh paan kworbaan vwopranůy path
Panun sarmaayi chhaavaan vwopranůy path
Yuthuy hėchhinaav mėti eesaar ȯbro
Tsȧ chhukh ami paasȧ myonuy yaar ȯbro

Magar akh kath tsȧ chhukh gaashas karaan rȯṭ
Bo traavaan gaash tati yetinas chhu anigȯṭ
Chhu Almastas atieth inkaar ȯbro
Bo atinas chhus nȧ chonuy yaar ȯbro,

TO THE CLOUD

O Cloud ! Concealed in your heart, too, is fire,
In this respect a friend of mine are you;
You too are driven by the winds of Time, O Cloud;
In this respect also, you are my friend.

You love to romp over hill-tops and mountains,
And I love to dwell in the uplands of thought;
In the low lands both of us feel uncomfortable, O Cloud!
And therefore we are friends.

Caring naught for rewards, you dròp the gentle rains,
And here I distribute the wine of awareness;
You set ablossom the orchards and gardens, O Cloud!
And in this way too you are my friend.

You sit aloof from the people of the world,
And like me are loath to be involved in its affairs;
You quench the fires of earth, O Cloud!
And in this way you are my friend.

You bring from the ocean the elixir of life,
You scatter it here and plunge yourself again into the ocean.
Denied is to you the luxury of rest, O Cloud!
In this respect you are my friend.

Selflessness blessed you with a status exalted;
Confinement within walls you hate like me;
Such walls are demolished by you, O Cloud!
In this way you are my friend.

You sacrifice yourself for others,
You shower your wealth on them.
Teach me such selflessness, O Cloud!
Because we are each other's friends.

But one thing—you screen the light from us;
While I spread light where there is darkness;
It is here that Almast differs from you, O Cloud!
And there alone he is not your friend,

October 1955.

GHAZAL No. 24

Gilvith nyuv husnůky toofaanan
Dil chhunȧ vwony kyenh maanan karȧ kyaah
Karȧ kyaah yemi dilȧkyan marvaanan
Dil chhunȧ vwony kyenh maanan karȧ kyaah

Gȧtshy gatshy vwony mangȧ kyaah astaanan
Khȧsy khȧsy vwony asmaanan karȧ kyaah
Nȯv rang rȯṭ prȧaniy eemaanan
Dil chhunȧ vwony kyenh maanan karȧ kyaah

Karȧ kyaah bo lagȧhȧa nȧ ehsaanan
Nazran hundinuy kaanan karȧ kyaah
Vanȧ kyaah yemi dilȧ kyan armaanan
Dil chhunȧ vwony kyenh maanan karȧ kyaah

Anȧ hȧa nȧ zaah eemaan asmaanan
Namȧ nuy pyom formaanan karȧ kyaah
Kus tshal kȯr husnůky sultaanan
Dil chhunȧ vwony kyenh maanan karȧ kyaah

Khasihey mwol ashikyen durdaanan
Jarahȧa tas daamaanan karȧ kyaah
Karȧ kyaah duniyaahůkyan zolaanan
Dil chhunȧ vwony kyenh maanan karȧ kyaah

Dimȧ kyaah phyur praanyan afsaanan
Khȧny khȧny kabristaanan karȧ kyaah
Almasto ṭhaanay thavoo baanan
Ḍil çhhunȧ vwony kyenh maanan karȧ kyaah.

GHAZAL No. 24

Highjacked was my heart by the whirlwind of Beauty.
It listens to me not, what to do ?
What shall I do with its obstinacy ?
It listens to me not, what shall I do ?

Why should I go to the shrines and what should I ask for ?
Ascending the skies, what should I do ?
New is the hue taken by old faith.
My heart listens to me not, what shall I do ?

Unaccustomed am I to beg for obligations,
But how shall I deny the shafts of her glances ?
And how shall I compromise my yearnings ?
My heart listens to me not, what shall I do ?

I would hurl defiance even at the skies,
But now I have to bow before her wishes.
What tricks were played by the beauty queen !
My heart listens to me not, what shall I do ?

The pearls of my tears would gain in value
If her skirt were studded with them;
But the shackles of the world are there.
My heart listens to me not, what shall I do ?

Why to recollect old episodes;
What use disinterring the dead from the graves ?
O Almast ! Keep the pots lidded on.
My heart listens to me not, what shall I do ?

June 1956.

BRAM

Athas thaph kårith bachåsůy draayi mojaah
Kwochhe tulanůch bachas åasås nå hyekathaah

Pakaan kyaah åas lithnaavaan tamisůy
Vate vati haari tsari haavaan tamisůy

Bwochhe sůty os tamisůy gyoor aamut
Bachai zaamut tamis zan tsoor tsaamut

Langaan lithavaan väaty yeli baazaras kun
Vuchhith khyanå baav shury hyot ḍaańb traavun

Pȯtus yeli väaty kaandar vaanysůy tal
Bachan trov daańb patå boozun nå kaańh tshal

Chandåh chhåny maaji zan vätsh jigrasůy shraakh
Su baazar os natå tshaṭi he tåtiy baakh

Tuluy tami bachi phuchematsaůy naryev thȯd
Dilas logun tå zan poorun diluk zȯd

Dopun tas pakh hutyeth nȯv vaan haavay
Tåteenas yeḍ bårith bo tswochi tsė daavay

Dilan myåany låayinas krakh tshyenimate kiny
Musåafirå navih tså pakh syȯd syȯd vate kiny

Lwokuṭ chhukh daalånay nov vaan håavith
Gatshakh bȯḍ ṭaalånay asmaan håavith

Çhhu azlay dokhå khyon aamut gareeban
yithay kåny yeti chhi ṭaalaan badnaseeban

ILLUSION

A mother came out, holding her child by her hand,
Strength she lacked to hold it in her lap.

Halting were her steps and she almost dragged the child,
And beguiled the child by pointing to lovely birds.

Hunger made her reel and stagger,
The birth of her child was like she had been robbed.

Limping and dragging the feet when they reached the market,
Looking at tempting eatables, the child feigned obstinacy.

At last as they reached a baker's shop,
The child's obstinacy grew—ruses and tricks failed to coax it.

The empty-pocketed mother felt a dagger pierce her heart,
She would have wept bitterly if it were not a market place.

With debilated arms she lifted the child,
She held it against her heart as if to fill the wound.

Said she to the child, "Come, there I shall show you a new shop,
I shall buy you a bellyful of loaves there."

My wounded heart accosted the child,
"O fresh sojourner! tread the path straight.

Child you are, they beguile you pointing to new shops;
When you grow older, they shall divert your attention
pointing to the skies.

The poor are born to be deceived
And the wretched are beguiled thus."

July 1953.

GHAZAL No. 25

Swo yiyihe son thavi laadan
Bo dimahåas meeṭhy dwon paadan
Karyaa kyaah zaah vwofaa vaadan
Bo dimåhåas meeṭhy dwon paadan

Thavaan chhus vaavå graayan kan
Tå beyi kwolå gångåraayan kan
Bo kan dåarith chhusas naadan
Bo dimåhåas meeṭhy dwon paadan

Chhalas ashi såty bo khwor vådy vådy
Vanas gåamåty mye chhim kam zådy
Swo thavihe kan mye fåryaadan
Bo dimåhåas meeṭhy dwon paadan

Gatshaan chhim poshå graayan bråanty
Gatshaan chhim boni tshaayan bråatny
Vuchhan bäṭhy båṭhy bo kwolå raadan
Bo dimåhåas meethy down paadan

Mye osum vuni ti kyenh yaavun
Tämis haavun tå beyi chhaavun
Swo yiyihe vuni ti chhus aadan
Bo dimåhåas meeṭhy dwon paadan

Chhå Almastas ganemåts kal
Syethaah gom tseer yiyi naa jal
Chhunaa ṭoṭhan syedyan saadan
Bo dimåhåas meeṭhy dwon paadan

ĠHAŻAL No. 25

Would she but deign to come,
And I would kiss her feet.
Would she but make good her word,
And I would kiss her feet!

I am all ears for the rustle of the winds
And the flow of the resounding waters,
Earnest am I to listen to her words,
And I would kiss her feet.

I shall weep and in tears wash her feet,
I shall narrate the tale of my woes;
Would she but listen to my protestations,
I would kiss her feet.

I feel she is there where winds kiss the flowers;
I feel she is there under the shade of the chinars;
I look on the banks of the crystal streams.
O, When shall I kiss her feet?

Youth is still my dower from Nature
To show to her and shower it on her.
Time is still on our side, tell her to come;
And I would kiss her feet.

Almast's longing has deepened much;
Very late is it, would'nt she come soon?
Don't the innocent and guileless receive her grace?
I shall certainly kiss her feet.

November 1940.

GHAZAL No. 26

Mas khäasy hyeṭh bombrani kale
Yembärzale loosüm mė käar
Yiyi ṇaa tä chyinaa gali gale
Yembär zale loosüm mė käar

Vaṭi vaṭi mė vuchh chäanee kadam
Tath chaani kunyruk chhum kasam
Kari kyah yi dil nai tambale
Yembärzale loosüm mė käar

Kan kadmanüy daaraan chhas
Kathä bos hyeth praaraan chhas
Kar bos myonuy phäanphale
Yembärzale loosüm mė käar

Durdaanä ashkiy sobrimas
Naaḷas jarüny äasim mye tas
Yim gäam tas rös phali phale
Yembärzale loosüm mė käar

Haavas mė chwokh lägmüty chhi kam
Baavas bo tanäkee gosä gam
Tas bronṭhä kani zyev maa kale
Yembärzale loosüm mė käar

Diläsüy andar chhas väny divaan
Labanaa bo kuni tämysund nishaan
Gatshähäa bo täthy kun gaangale
Yembärzale loosüm mė käar.

Almastä vad vad khoob vad
Dyevä kyenh lwotee dil däady lad
Natä dod yas tas köt bale
Yembärzale loosüm mė käar.

GHAZAL No. 10

With cups of wine am I, the narcissus,
waiting for my love, my neck drooping with
weariness. Would he come and sip the wine ?

On all paths I saw your foot prints, and I swear by you,
the one without a parallel. What shall then my heart
do if not become impatient, waiting, with my neck
drooping with weariness ?

I lend my ears to the sound of your steps and
wait for you with a heart full of words struggling to have a
vent. When shall this heart of mine receive fruition ?

I gathered the pearls of my tears to stud his
collar with them; without getting his company these
pearls were scattered.

I shall exhibit to him the wounds I have suffered
and give vent to my pent-up grievances; but I fear
I may become dumb in his presence.

I fumble within my heart to locate any trace of him.
If I could find one, I could hope to beguile my
loneliness and keep my heart busy.

O Almast ! Weep, weep and weep bitterly; may be
the love-sick heart is relieved a little. What hope,
otherwise, is for one like you ?

March, 1954.

GHAZAL No. 27

Laagȧ ponpur tshaanḍan vanay
Poshȧ path poshȧ panȧ path panay
Vȧny bo dimas heri tay bwnay
Poshȧ path poshȧ panȧ path panay

Ȯbrä gurynȯy khȧsith tshaaran
Sangar maalav heri gaaran
Naavȧ sȧalaah karä mahpaaran
Pay bo tämysund kaḍithȯy anay

Vuchhtȧ kam tshraṭh dȯny mė hoore
Moj vuchhnam doore doore
Taaräkan maṅz roozith tsoore
Chhum mye achhnaaṭan gindanay

Nȧari dȧz nanȧvȧar chhas laaraan
Kuni vadaan kuni chhas praaraan
Kuni gyevaan kuni ȯsh haaraan
Zan tȧ lȯgmut chhum lolȧ sanay

Goshanȯy pyeṭh natsaan baasyom
Poshanȯy maṅz asaan baasyom
Zan vwondas maṅz atsaan baasyom
Zan tȧ vwondä aam mutsaraavanay

Vuchhi mye vati vati husnäni zȧtsay
Toti rozam ȧchhy treshȧ hatsay
Yee na dyooṭhuk tath path matsay
Kreshȧ vani chham tee deshanay

Zan bo kastaany sund yun yetshaan
Natȧ su ȧndy vuzun yetshaan
Zan bo kot taany vaatun yetshaan
Zan bo kati taam gomut tshenay.

GHAZAL No. 27

I shall be a butterfly and go in search of him
In the woods, from flower to flower, leaf to leaf;
I shall search for him above and down below
And from flower to flower and leaf to leaf.

I shall mount the steeds of clouds
And search for him on mountain tops;
I shall have a ride in the crescent's boat
And certainly find his clue.

I am a houri fretting impatiently for him;
But he enjoys the sight of my agony from afar.
Hiding himself in the cluster of stars.
He winks at me in a mood to tease.

As if scorched by fire, barefoot I run;
Sometimes I wait and run sometimes;
Sometimes I sing and weep sometimes;
Caught in the throes of love am I.

He appeared to me dancing in places distant,
Sometimes in the roses smiling he appeared;
Sometimes he appeared entering into my heart
Making it bloom smilingly.

Sparks of Beauty I saw everywhere,
And yet my eyes remained athirst,
To see that which by them is still unseen
And for which these continue to seek.

I seem to want the arrival of someone,
Or manifestation of him from within me;
I seem to want to reach somewhere
Wherefrom I have been dislodged.

April 1953.

GHAZAL No. 28

Mė gomut chaani baapat hol
Vwolo vwony lol aam chonuy
Sadaa bozum mȧ dim kanȧ ḍol
Vwolo vwony lol aam chonuy

Bo myavȧ hyeth posh hyeth beyi lol
Pyomut oory rabi andar chhůs byol
Tse praaraan kar yiyam ryetȧ kol
Vwolo vwony lol aam chonuy

Bo kotaah kaal vuni praaray
Bo kȯt taam khoonidil haaray
Me sabras draav vwony devol
Vwolo vwony lol aam chonuy

Bo hȯkhymůty ḍoory sagnavakh
Mė hȧndris taaf yȯd haavakh
Tse ravȧ praaraan chhusay yėtskol
Vwolo vwony lol aam choonuy.

Me kady taarakh gȧnzrithuy dam
Obranůy tim ti vwony khȧṭynam
Vuchhive asmȧany yiti maa tsol
Vwolo vwyny lol aam chonuy.

Me ṭhookrȧvůy chhȧ anymůts vath
Bo ṭhookrȧ khyeth ti maa hyemȧ path
Chhu ṭhookarȧ baali haavaan gol
Vwolo Vwoyn lol aam chonuy

GHAZAL No. 28

Distraught am I for you,
Come now, I pine for you.
Listen, pay not a deaf ear to me,
Come now, I pine for you.

Loaded with fruit, blossom and love
Am I like a seed thrown in the mud.
Come, my summer, I wait for you;
Come now, I pine for you.

How long shall I wait for you yet?
And how long shall I go on shedding tears of blood?
My patience is turning bankrupt now.
Come now, I pine for you.

I shall water the draught-hit beds
If you but shine on my frozen being
O sun, waiting am I for so long.
Come now, I pine for you.

Life's moments I breathed by counting the stars;
Even those have now been concealed by the clouds;
Look! Heaven could not suffer even this diversion of mine;
Come now, I pine for you.

Kicks of this world have shown me the path;
I welcome these kicks and shall not flinch;
It is kicks which carry the ball to the goal;
Come now, I pine for you.

August 1958.

QATAAT

Zammenuk beswomyer vuchhitäy më gav zöd
Döpum karä graavä tsey khonkhun tulum thöd
Vuchhim tati taaräkan swoy bäash gäamuts
Mye khonkhun vol jal byooṭhus bo beyi syöd

Thyekith zan goor draav az khaanä käabas
Gwonaah bakhshaavane mäly hyeni savaabas
Vasyaa nakhä aab tatinas dwodä badal kyenh
Dwodüky dyaar tati dwodas aabüky chhi aabaas

Tsä chhakh vyäsy tsooṅṭhy kuj zar daaranüy yaar
Künun dyaaran chhu chon mädrer tä vwozäjaar
Bo chhas vyesy boony paanas maṅz räṭith naar
Nyedyaaryan thäkimatyan kyut myon shehjaar.

Hakulynaasas akhaa maaraan vuchhum tshoh
Kärüy yëmy bandägee tapänovthan toh
Tse kun vwönmay hisaab hyenä vaali hyesä roz
Tsä kyaah buth dikh bandan nish mahsharuk doh

Hyechhun pazi boni nish belos eesaar
Räṭith taapas chhi asi trävaan shehjaar
Vandas chhay paaṅa rozaan näny tä nangay
Tä asi bakhshaan panä väthran huṅduy naar.

Prätshoyom bulbulas kas väny divaan chhukh bästiyan andar
Tsälee gul daag thäavith toti kyaah chhukh mästiyan andar
Dopum tämy torä bekälä shäayiro zonuth nä az taam
Gwolaab byehtar phwolaan yeth vandäsüy manz chhiy garan andar.

Chhu kaanchhaan raatä kreel zaah götsh nä yun gaash
Amis vaabastä chhay gaṭi süty panäny aash
Khabar kath trwoyi shrapee bechaara äakhär
Pagaah yeli zan pazyuk rav traavi praagaash.

STRAY THOUGHTS

My heart suffered a deep wound when I saw inequality in the world;
To make a grievance of it I lifted my sullen face to you;
Finding the stars in the same plight there
I lowered my head and sat compromised.

With great pride the milkseller went towards the kaaba
To get his sins forgiven and to purchase a good deed.
Shall water ever pass for milk there?
Milk shall be paid for as milk and water as water.

Friend, you are an apple tree, a friend to the rich
Your sweetness and blush can be sold for money;
I am the chinar holding fire within my breast
To the indigent and the weary ones I provide shade.

A corrupt fellow I saw flaunting his pride high;
One who bowed before you was condemned to poverty eternal.
I warn you, O Great Judge, be heedful;
What face shall you show to your devotees on the judgement day?

Selflessness one should learn from the chinar,
Baring itself to hot sun, it affords cool shade to us;
It remains unclad and naked through winter, but provides us with the fire of its leaves.

I asked the bulbul, "Whom do you seek in these habitations?
The roses proved faithless to you and yet you feel ecstatic".
It said in reply, "O foolish poet, you haven't yet realised.
It is in winter, that inside the houses beauties blush richer than roses."

The bat yearns for the failure of the dawn:
Its hopes are associated with darkness alone.
God knows in which crevice it shall be confined.
Tomorrow when the sun of truth casts its radiance.

GHAZAL No. 29

Me bas tohiy vochhnukuy hasrath nazaarav
patȧ me tshȧanḍive naa.
Gatshaan chham tuhundi baapath dath bahaarav
patȧ me tshäanḍive naa.

Bihith tal boniy shehjaaras me kotah lol
bor yaaras.
Khabar chhavȧ miyaani lolȧch kath chinaarev
patȧ me tshȧanḍive naa.

Dohoi tuly me tuhund tasvir ti chhum
kwaaban hunduy tȧbir.
Me gath kȧrmuts tohi path kohsaarav
patȧ me tshȧanḍive naa.

Chhu tamnaa tuhundi aksuk me tä hȧsratth
tamiki raksuk me.
Mataan chhus länki pyeth tohi path sitaarav
patȧ me tshȧanḍive naa.

Bo praariyos aarȧ palȧ nai pyeth ditim vony
yara balȧ nai pyeth.
Vuchhaan rudus tohȧnz vath aabshaarav
patȧ me tshȧanḍive naa.

Divaan dulȧgany bo margan pyeth chhivaan
chhus poshi bargan pyeth.
Tsalan chhum lol hath hath poshi zaarav
patä me tshäanḍive naa.

Vuchhum boozum bihith khaamosh
me tuhunduy rang tai bolbosh.
Tsalaan miyon hosh chhivȧ hyeth jaanvaarav
patȧ me tshäanḍive naa.

Me tan dyets husnȧ tufaanan ta dil dyut teeri
mijganan.
Yȧhai chham wombri hunz arzath nigaarav
patȧ me tshȧnḍive naa.

GHAZAL No. 29

I only long to have a glimpse of you
O beautiful sights, you will miss me when I am gone.
My heart aches for you
O beauties of spring, you will pine for me when I am no more.

Sitting in the shades of chinars,
how I adored my sweet heart
You know the tale of my love
O chinars, you will crave for me when I am gone.

Day after day have I painted your pictures
in fond fulfilment of my dreams,
I hovered over your heights
O mountains, you will yearn for me after I am gone.

I crave for your reflections
and hanker after their dances,
I am crazy about you on the golden island,
O stars, you will ask for me when it is too late.

I lingered on the boulders
and hunted for you on the river banks,
I kept an eye on your flow
O cascades, you will yearn for me when I am gone.

I roll over on meadows
and become delirious over flower petals,
I feel saturated with love
O flower-beds, you will crave for me when I am no more.

Sitting quietly I saw and heard
your colours and warble,
You deprive me of my senses
O birds, you will know my worth after I am gone.

I faced the whirlwinds of beauty
and lost my heart to the shafts of your eye-lashes,
This is my life-long asset
O beautious ones, you will know my love after I am no more.

Me preth kuni zulmä gatäkaaras baraabar
nari ditsum naaras.
Gatshive hushyaar käriv harkath beechaarav
patä me tshäanḍive naa.

Bo osus aadanai almast ta thovhas
garazmandov past.
Vuchhive ma chhus magar path hoshyaarav
patä me tshäanḍive naa.

I raised my voice against
all brutality and despotism,
Arise and stir yourselves,
O oppressed ones, you will know my value after I am no more.

I have been born in selfless ecstasy
but the selfish laid me low,
Behold, I don't lag behind,
O enlightened ones, you will acknowledge this after I am no more.

November, 1977.

GLOSSARY

Achhabal	A small town about ten kilometers from Anantnag, famous for its springs and gushing waters.
Ahinsa	The doctrine of non-voilence.
Apsaras	Beautiful damsels adorning and dancing in the Court of Lord Indira.
Baala Yepaari	This side of the mountain Pirpanchal *i.e.* Kashmir valley.
Baala Apaari	Other side of the mountain Pirpanchal *i.e.* the rest of the country.
Baraat	Baraat is the collective name of the group of people accompanying a bridegroom to his would-be father-in-law's house for solemnising the marriage.
Bulbul	A small bird reputed in Persian and Urdu, and therefore, in Kashmiri poetry to be the lover of flowers figuratively, a lover.
Dal	Dal is the name of a famous lake on the environs of the city of Srinagar.
Darshan daar	Literally, a window through which one can have a look at the object of veneration and worship.
Durga/Mahakali	These are the manifestations of female divinity.
Harmukh	Name of a famous mountain in the valley of Kashmir. It is a place of pilgrimage for the Hindus.
Henna	A bushy evergreen shrub whose sheets and leaves are used as a dye for the body. Gene-

rally its paste is applied to hands and feet of brides and grooms at the time of marriage. In Kashmiri it is called mäanz. A day or so before a marriage is solemnized, a complete night is devoted to observance of this custom and the night is called Mäanziraat (Night of the Henna). It is an occasion of great festivity.

Jaltarang — A number of cups are placed before a musician. Different quantities of water are kept in these cups, which, when struck gently with small light-weight sticks, produce different musical notes.

Kaaba — The sacred house in Meeca in direction of which Muslims turn in prayer.

Kashyap — The name of a Rishi who made Kashmir his abode after the waters of the lake called *Satisar* subsided, thus forming the vale of Kashmir. The name Kashmir is associated with Kashyap.

Kawnsar — Kawnsar and Tasneem are two reputed streams flowing through heaven.

Lal Ded — A famous saint of Kashmir who propounded the philosophy of Shaivism and Sufism. She flourished in the middle of the fourteenth century and is considered as the Chancer of Kashmiri poetry.

Lantaraani — Literally, "you cannot see me". This is believed to be the reply received by Moses from God, Figuratively, a refusal.

Maanziraat — See against "Henna" above.

Naryvaar — The cuffs of the outer garment (phyeran) of Kashmiri Pandit women were decorated by brocade or any other costly material. But a widow was not permitted to do so. The cuff-bends are called Naryvaar.

Nunaposh — The violet flower. It grows on hill sides, and is plucked and collected by women belonging to the Gujar tribe. After collecting them, they

sell them to merchants who give salt (Kashmiri Noon) in exchange. The flowers have great medicinal properties.

Pirimughan — The tavern keeper. One who sells wine.

Pirpanchal — The mountain range separating the vale of Kashmir from the rest of the country.

Rahim
Ram — Two names, Rahim a Muslim and Ram of a Hindu. Here use as generic terms.

Rawalpindi — A famous city, now in Pakistan. It was to this city that abducted Kashmiri women were taken and forced to become prostitutes.

Saag — The commonest vegetable grown in Kashmir. It is also the cheapest.

Saqi — The cup bearer—one who serves wine.

Satisar — See under 'Kashyap' above.

Telbal — A famous brook in the valley of Kashmir. Which ends in Dal lake.

Tumbakhnaar — A sort of a tabor-like instrument with a long narrow neck. The larger opening has a hide fastened to it to cover it and this side is struck by the fingers to produce music. Tumbakhnaar is the principal instrument used on the occasions of marriages and is generally, used by women when singing in chorus.

Tur — The mountain on which Moses addressed God to reveal Himself to him.

Vatsun — A form of poetry in Kashmiri.

Wallar — Perhaps the largest fresh-water lake in Asia about 55 Kms towards north west of Srinagar.

INDEX